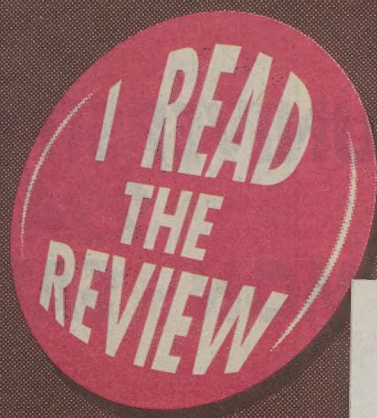


# STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • SEPTEMBER 1, 1991

## THE YEAR IN REVIEW 5



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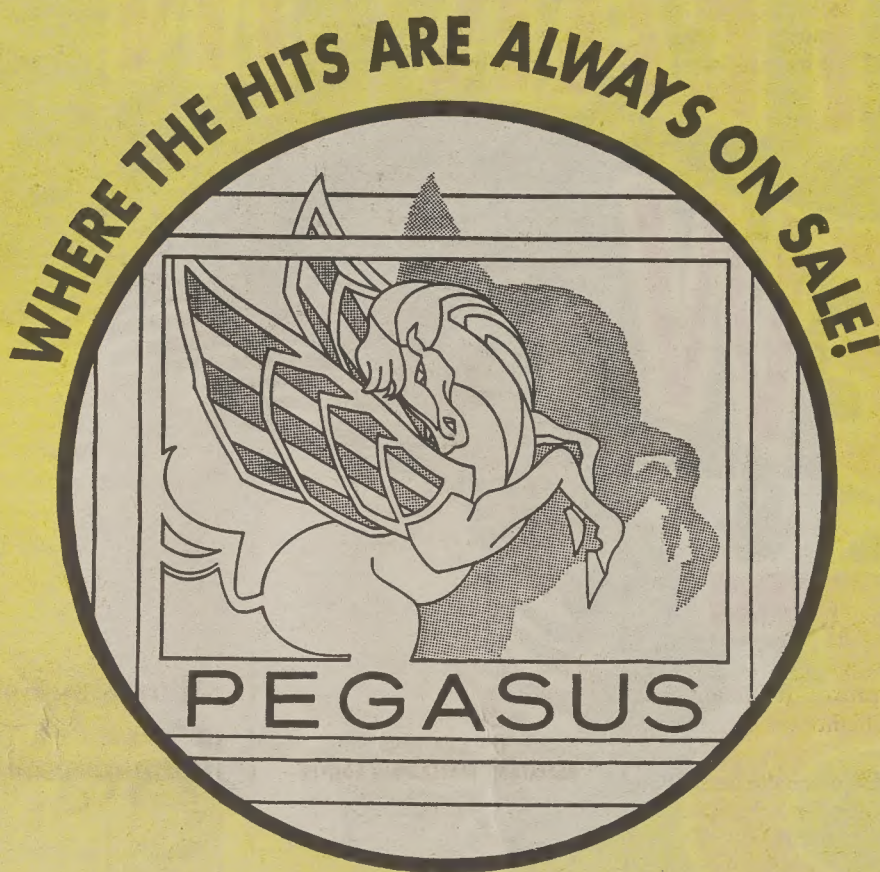


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## EDITOR'S NOTE

# MAKE FOOD, NOT WAR: SOMETHING ALL OF US CAN UNITE IN

Jane England  
(first printed shortly after the Gulf War began)

IN THE PAST YEAR WE HAVE REJOICED IN WORLD CHANGES THAT SEEMED impossible and have celebrated the yearning of the human spirit for freedom. The past two weeks have required some rethinking and analyzing of our world views, as Americans and as members of the human race. For many of us it has been a painful and even sickening time. Some of us have used our emotions to act: with peace rallies and war protests, with patriotic rallies and war parties. I know few that are neutral on the subject of war in the Gulf. Accusations of unpatriotic behavior and lack of support for the troops or opinions of hypocritical foreign policy and misplaced economic interests have flown from one camp to the other. The war rhetoric has ranged from the patriotic to the patronizing. I have felt a range of emotion from anger to hopelessness to helplessness as I see ourselves in a war, and have questioned where to put any energy I have left.

Up until two weeks ago I put that energy into logically explaining the basis for my belief that we should not go to war, that other options should be exhausted before resorting to what should be a last option—military aggression. The question for me was not whether economic and humanitarian issues are worth dying for. As civilized humans, another way, involving negotiation and even compromise, *must* be possible. But perhaps now we can focus our energy and means on a solution that could help to prevent war in the future. In the 60s, as a result of the civil rights movement and anti-Vietnam protests, many college students felt like they could change the world. Perhaps we have lost our idealism and no longer feel that way, but I see a movement, even here at BYU, away from apathy and towards a desire to make a change on and beyond our campus.

In spite of the often violent disagreement over the process for obtaining it, most agree that peace should be our ultimate goal. Whether we are in favor of Bush's decision or not, we can be part of a solution for that peace. In his book *Making Peace with the Planet*, Barry Commoner discusses the immediate danger of destroying our planet and suggests some solutions to both the environmental problem and world poverty. He suggests military expenditures as a source for this solution. The \$1 trillion spent worldwide annually to prepare for war or to engage in it diverts attention and energy from the urgent task of relieving poverty, sickness, illiteracy, and environmental degradation. If even a portion of that sum were used to secure a quality of life for many throughout the world, our national security would benefit rather than suffer. By shifting the present global commitment toward militarism to a global commitment for peace, we could improve the world condition by making friends of our enemies without threatening our own interest or national security.

This solution also involves taking responsibility for our dangerous dependence on foreign oil by developing "clean" energy sources. This requires using our energy and resources to conserve and protect the already damaged environment. By looking at the present tragic situation in a larger context and by changing our world view, we can make some efforts toward good. Do what you must do, but do something: march, speak, write letters, educate, conserve energy, pray, fast and send food to the hungry. In this issue of *Student Review* are some suggestions for how we can use our energy and resources to directly help others, those who won't profit from the war. Whether by providing food for Poland or food for Russians, as humans we are required to use our higher capabilities in more constructive ways than war.

## ABOUT THE "YEAR IN REVIEW"

The "Year in Review" is a special issue of the *Student Review*, printed during the first week of Fall Semester each year. All of the articles and features in this issue have been previously printed during the 1990-91 school year. The "Year in Review" issue is your chance to get acquainted with the *Student Review* if you have never read it before, or, if you are already familiar with the magazine, it's an opportunity to catch up on some of our best work that you may have missed.

## STUDENT



## REVIEW

*Student Review* is an independent student publication serving BYU's campus community.

By providing an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles to *Student Review*. Articles should examine life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

*Student Review* values the principles of Brigham Young University and the LDS Church, and the highest standards of journalistic ethics.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the SR staff, BYU, UVCC, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

*Student Review* welcomes letters to the editor, advertising, and donations. A year's subscription costs \$15.

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**PUBLISHER**  
JOHN ARMSTRONG  
**ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER**  
JOHN HAMER

**EDITOR**  
STEPHEN GIBSON

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
PAUL RAWLINS  
**ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR**  
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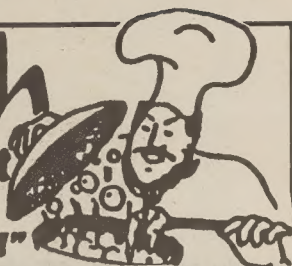
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# BEST OF BERTHA

## DEAR BERTHA,

I'm writing in hope that you can relieve me of a terrible weight that has impeded my spiritual growth. More than two years ago I committed a heinous crime, by taking a dollar bill from an abandoned study carrel in the Lee library. When I returned home I was so overwrought with guilt I was unable to keep down my Top Raman dinner. The thought of spending someone else's hard earned wage still makes me nauseous. I've kept the dollar all this time in my quilted scripture cover. I'm too embarrassed to talk to my ecclesiastical counselors. I thought if I gave you the serial number of the dollar bill you could locate the distressed owner.

—GUILTY AT GLENWOOD

## DEAR GUILTY,

First let me say that you are a compulsive dirt bag with the conscience of a mangy weasel. Yeah, I think I can help you find the owner of that dollar bill. It's me you pock-faced mound of pond scum. That dollar was going to pay for the postage of a get well card to my Aunt Bernice who was recovering from third degree burns after she spontaneously combusted.

So listen to me you little larcenist, I expect full reimbursement of that dollar adjusted for inflation with interest. If I don't receive \$13.87 by tomorrow I'll hunt you down you slimy, whimp of a bandit.

## DEAR BERTHA,

Help! I don't remember what happened to me last night. The last thing I recall was eating green jello with shredded carrots and pineapple. The next thing I knew I was in the Layton County Jail handcuffed to a southern Utah character of ill report who would only refer to me as "pumpkin." My head has been shaved and there is a tattoo of the Deseret beehive on my, uh...well anyways, I desperately need your help to piece this night together.

—LOST IN LAYTON

## DEAR LOST,

Today is your lucky day. My cousin Eunice runs the topless Tattoo and Tofu bar in Layton. She says a guy named "Buddy" brought you in and requested the beehive tattoo. It's his favorite for first-timers. After that she doesn't know what you did but she heard that a skinhead won the mechanical bull riding contest. Sounds like you had fun.

## DEAR BERTHA,

I have a nagging question I must ask you. Everywhere I hear of people seeing Elvis in the supermarket, on the street, in their dreams. Bertha, since you are omniscient, can you please tell me this: does Elvis still live?

—TYRONE FROM TAHOE

## DEAR TYRONE,

Of course he lives! Elvis is everywhere and in everything. But there is only one anti-Elvis. The identity of the anti-Elvis is revealed by playing backwards "How Great Thou Art" from Elvis' 1969 Christmas in Hawaii concert. If you listen carefully you can hear the words "Brett Blake is the anti-Elvis" repeated continuously. The only way to defend yourself from the anti-Elvis is to gyrate your left leg while yodeling "Are You Lonely Tonight." If that doesn't work try asking him about open elections.

## DEAR BERTHA,

I have a recurring dream that my boyfriend plays dot-to-dot with my freckles. I wake up feeling so guilty. I secretly want to live out this fantasy - would I be breaking the law of chastity?

—FRECKLED IN FLAGSTAFF

## DEAR FRECKLED,

Go right ahead and connect the dots, but it must be done correctly if you are to fulfill your fantasy's potential. First the place: I suggest the Art City drive-in or Squaw Peak—places where all your carnal desires can be realized. Second, you must prepare yourself: Make yourself look connectable.



Polka dots will give the subtle hint. Now you must prepare him: I suggest a dinner of raw oysters and finely diced jumbo yams with a Near Beer chaser. Third, supplies: For your first time all you need is a fluorescent scripture highlighter. Crayons and fingerpaints are a little too advanced for you right now. After this first time you will soon be able to connect the dots whenever and wherever you desire just so long as he keeps his socks on.

## DEAR BERTHA,

My roommate just got engaged. He and his "Honey-Muffin" are constantly in our living room rolling each other's brains out. What can I do to stop this sinful behavior?

—DEPRIVED AT DEVONSHIRE

## DEAR DEPRIVED,

This public display of nauseating, carnal, sensual, devilish and unbridled hormonal tendencies truly makes Bertha weep. To help you stop this continuous couch rugby Bertha has produced the following list: 1) pull up a chair with your Day Planner in hand and take notes, 2) ask them to proof-read your research paper "Mononucleosis: The Price of Passion," 3) Invite your most obnoxious family home evening brothers over to watch Police Academy XXVII, 4) remove all the living room furniture, replace it with a king-size waterbed and put mirrors on the ceiling, and of course Bertha's favored approach 5) accompany yourself on the bagpipes while yodeling Bavarian pretzel jingles through your nose.

## DEAR BERTHA,

I've been running across a phrase in the Bible lately that has got me confused. Tell me, just what does "gird up your loins" mean? How does one go about girding up one's loins? It sounds physically strenuous. Can women gird up their loins? I don't want to be neglecting a doctrine I should be doing. Please clarify.

—WONDERING FROM WYOMING

## DEAR WONDERING,

Do not doubt the legitimacy of your questions. Girding can be quite a pleasant experience. Once you've become experienced it can even be appropriate for group outings. Girded twister is one of Bertha's favorite pastimes. Bertha understands that many exist who are born and die without ever properly learning the art of girding. This is why Bertha offers her Underwater Loin-Girding Classes for Schizophrenic Women.

## DEAR BERTHA,

How do I know that I actually exist? Maybe what I think I'm experiencing as life is just a figment of someone else's imagination? Maybe I don't exist at all. Maybe you don't exist. Maybe Brett Blake doesn't even exist. Help me Bertha, I'm worried.

—STRESSED IN SLC

## DEAR STRESSED,

Stop melting your brain with all that philosophical mumbo jumbo. Life is real and it's full of stressed out paranoiacs, omniscient advice columnists and self-serving puppet governments. So calm your troubled heart, little one, and come to Bertha's new course- "Fingerpaints, Leaches, and Raisin Bran: Secrets to a Stress-Free Life."

## DEAR BERTHA,

Ever since I was a child, I've known that "X" marks the spot. Here at BYU we have the biggest "X" of all. What spot is the ASB marking?

—CURIOUS COUGAR

## DEAR CURIOUS,

Thank you for asking this all important question. Bertha herself was stumped about this mysterious "X" until she received the Time-Life book *Unsolved Mysteries and Wonders of the Universities*. Therein it describes the secret purposes for which many campus structures were designed. While the ASB masquerades as a home for collegiate big wigs its true function is much different. Bertha has discovered that the ASB was constructed to be nothing less than a giant marker to guide UFO's as they enter our community. As yet Bertha is unsure of who is behind this nefarious plot but as soon as I find out I will be sure to inform my readers.

## DEAR BERTHA,

I love you and would like to bear your children.

—HOPELESSLY IN LUST

## DEAR HOPELESS,

Yours is the latest in a seemingly endless line of requests for my maternal abilities. If I obliged every one of my admirers the world would long since have become overpopulated. Bertha genes would flood the gene pool creating horrible inbred Bertha mutants. I'm terribly sorry, but to save the planet and civilization as we know it I must refuse.

## DEAR BERTHA,

This seems like a trivial question, but it has been nagging me for ages: Why—if Afterglow is such a wholesome musical group—is it named after a sexual experience?

Using the reasoning behind the name of this group, perhaps the Mormon Tabernacle Choir should put out an album or popular Primary songs and call it "Soul Kissing on the Temple Lawn."

I just wanted your reaction.

—PERPLEXED IN PROVO

## DEAR PERPLEXED

Be perplexed no longer. Bertha the omniscient is here to explain this twisted paradox of sexual spirituality. Obviously, no good Mormon group would knowingly christen themselves as a post sexual high. Which means one of two things: either these lads are typically naive, or they in reality are a bunch of sinful Antichrists. Bertha wanted to know so she played their latest album backwards at 12 rpm and you wouldn't believe what I heard. Unfortunately, the backmasked lyrics are unsuitable for the family audience of *Student Review* and can't be printed here. If you really must know, send Bertha a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) and I'll fill you in on all the sordid details. Be warned, Utah readers, Mormon pop is not always what it seems.



## EAVESDROPPINGS

**V HALL, SEPT 8, 3:00 AM**

Concerned D.T. Freshman with rumpled shirt: "So what exactly constitutes a public display of affection?"

**COUGAR STADIUM, SEPT 8, 7:13 PM**

Freshman girl #1: (drooling over program) "This one's mine."

Freshman girl #2: "Hand me the binoculars, I've gotta see if this one's got a wedding ring."

Freshman girl #3: "No, no, no. Look at this one. He's a demi-god. I've seen him on campus. I don't think he's mortal."

**SMITH FIELDHOUSE, JAN 10, 7:15 PM**

Jealous coed to toned friend: "You have no butt! Why do you wear underwear?"

Toned friend: "Why do you wear a bra?"

**ELWC PEACE RALLY, FEB 18, 2:45 PM**

War activist: "Here guys, stand behind us. Those guys are for peace, we're for war."

**MONDAY OCT. 1, 10:00 AM**

**BETWEEN THE HBLL & FAMILY LIVING CENTER**

Random dude: "Hey, be careful. That eavesdropper person is probably around here somewhere."

**MINUTEMAN, OCT 21, 4:47 PM**

Ditzy female: "I forget, where did you go on your mission?" Proud R.M.: "Spain."

Ditzy female: "Now what language do they speak there?"

**KARL SNOW RALLY, UVCC, NOV. 1, 4:15 PM**

Surprised friend, ""Hey, (name omitted), I didn't know you were BYUSA President!"

Anonymous BYUSA President: "Yeah, well, I don't like to tell people that."

**SMITH'S, NOV 2, 10:05 AM**

Girl #1: "So, who are you voting for today?"

Girl #2: "Karl Snow, I guess. I think he's a liar, but at least he's Republican."

Girl #1: "Members of the Republican party are not God's annointed, you know!"

Girl #1: "Yeah, maybe. But I still think the prophet would want me to vote Republican."

**COUGAR CRAFTS, NOV 20, 1:08 PM**

Casual guy in leather: "Hey, is that an engagement ring?" Girl with ring: "Uh, that depends."

**IN FRONT OF HBLL, FEB 7, 1:27 PM**

Clueless girl 1: (noticing yellow ribbons around trees) "Why do they have all these ribbons tied around the trees?"

Clueless girl 2: "To keep all the branches in."

**PLSC 200, FEB 20, 2:07 PM**

Bewildered TA to partner: "Hey, why are you reading your scriptures?"

Frantic partner: "I've got a test, dammit, leave me alone!"

**CAMPUS POST OFFICE FEB 12, 3:23 PM**

Freshman sending Dear John to missionary: "I'd like to send this letter to Paris. Paris... let's see... is Paris in London or England?"

**KIMBALL TOWER, MAR 18, 11:03 AM**

Girl: "I have to study this afternoon so I can go to the library tonight."

**IN FRONT OF TANNER BLDG, APR 2, 11:19 AM**

Boyfriend of bishop's daughter (worried): "So did your dad say anything about last night?"

Bishop's daughter: "Just that if we wanted to makeout we should come inside where it's warmer."

**IN FRONT OF HBLL, APR 22, 8:52 AM**

Recent ex-bachelor #1: "Well, I guess the prevailing attitude in the church these days is that women should be submissive."

REB #2: "Yeah, well my woman isn't submissive or overpowering, she's right in the middle where I want her to be."

**217 CLYDE BLDG, APR 3, 7:02 PM**

Soon to be graduating senior: "If I was a girl... Wait, I am a girl!"

**EXIT TO PARKWEST, JUN 26, 10:56 PM**

Overly defensive guy: "I am not an Aquarius!"

## HOROSCOPES

### AQUARIUS

Allright, let's cut the B.S. You are in a serious intergalactic pickle if you don't change your attitude. Mars wants to see your butt fry, but Jupiter is a little more benevolent. Clean up your act, and avoid thong bikinis.

### CANCER

Astral bodies throughout the galaxy are conspiring against you. Your entire Garanimals fashion wear collector's series will be stolen this month.

### ARIES

No doubt about it, that "We support our troops" sticker looks great on the back of your pickup. The only thing that would look better is the skinny carcass of a bleeding heart liberal tied to your roof.

### SAGITTARIUS

Hey, that was some great amateur filming of the BYU foodcops beating up a guy eating sesame seeds on the fifth floor. The time is ripe to hit on that zesty female who works for KBYU.

### TAURUS

You are a slug and I am salt.

### SCORPIO

Your financial difficulties are due to the fact that every phone call you make is preceded by 1-900. Your parents are actually very much enjoying the fact you no longer live at home, so now is a good time to hit them up for money to prevent you from moving back in.

### LEO

That ne'er do well boyfriend of yours has really done it this time. Remember that lovely corsage he gave you, the one with Mr. and Mrs. Easter bunny on it? Well he didn't even pay for it, it was stolen from the car of Lanny Brown, and boy is he steamed.

### PISCES

Summer is here and it is time to spray all the vinyl chairs in your house with "Pam" to prevent those embarrassing flesh sticking incidents you suffer from. There seems to be a nebulous phlegm buildup around

Andromeda, you should probably just stay in and watch Sally Jesse Raphael on the 27th.

### VIRGO

Sorry I'm not getting anything for you this month. Maybe you're dead, or just boring.

### GEMINI

Not everyone is disgusted by your hairy back. There are however, some caveats that accompany such a disposition, i.e. avoid velcro shirts, and try to walk upright whenever possible.

### CAPRICORN

With that new moustache you bare a striking resemblance to Doug Henning. Maybe animal husbandry isn't for you. A career as a beauty technician is more your style.

### LIBRA

You are so close to achieving your wildest dreams and aspirations, all you are lacking is an acid washed Nu-Skin denim jacket.

## JIM

by Nathan Tanner and Frank Bowman

**J**IM IS A SENIOR. JIM HAS 227.5 CREDITS. JIM GRADUATES IN April. Jim doesn't have a wife. Jim is lonely. Jim is a normal guy. Jim wears average clothes. Jim drives a 1985 VW Rabbit. Jim doesn't have any major problems. Jim walks upright. Jim chews with his mouth closed. Jim is average. Jim has an average life. Why can't Jim find a wife?

Jim talked to his mission president before coming home from his mission. "Marry Jim marry", his mission president said. Jim is trying. Rejection scares Jim. Jim is a religious guy. Jim knows marriage is right. Jim wants to get married. Jim doesn't want risks.

Jim's dad often consoles him. "I need grandkids Jim". Jim's dad doesn't help. Jim's dad is confused. Jim doesn't have any problems. Why doesn't Jim have a wife? Why

doesn't Jim have a fiance? Why doesn't Jim have a girlfriend? Jim's dad ponders. Ponder dad ponder.

Jim is desperate. Jim wants a wife. Jim wants a date. Jim wants a date that wants Jim. Jim is scared. Jim graduates in April. Jim is looking. Jim is searching. Jim notices girls with vacant ring fingers. Notice Jim notice.

Jim has money in the bank. Jim wants to buy a ring. Jim has been comparative shopping for tablecloths. Jim wants to date. Jim wants to relate. Jim wants a mate. Jim wants to procreate. Jim wants to reach a celestial state. Want Jim want.

Jim needs help. Jim needs your help. Help Jim. Be nice to Jim. Jim will be nice to you. Bring Jim cookies. Take Jim on a picnic. Take Jim home. Introduce Jim to your parents. Shop for a waffle iron. Go to Wilson's. Buy Jim a ring. Jim will be happy. Make Jim happy.Δ

## JANE

by Sali-Kai Mullins

**J**ANE IS A JUNIOR. JANE HAS A 3.8 GPA. JANE WILL GRADUATE in one year. Jane doesn't have a husband. Jane is lonely.

Jane is a normal girl. Jane wears average clothes. Jane doesn't have any major problems. Jane doesn't bark. Jane chews with her mouth closed. Jane knows how to budget. Jane is fairly attractive. Jane has a nice personality. Jane is not fat. Jane is average. Jane has an average life. Why can't Jane find a husband?

Jane talked to her mission president before coming home from her mission. "Marry, Jane, marry," her mission president said. Jane has a strong testimony. Jane knows marriage is right. Jane wants to get married.

Jane's mom is confused. Jane's mom says, "Why aren't you married? What's wrong with those boys at BYU?" Don't know, Mom, don't know. Jane doesn't have any problems. Why doesn't Jane have a husband? Why doesn't Jane have a fiance? Why doesn't Jane have a boyfriend? Jane's mom ponders. Ponder, mom, ponder.

Jane is confused. Jane wants a date. Jane wants a date that wants Jane. Jane is nice. Jane is understanding. Jane seldom rejects. Jane has a vacant ring finger. Jane wants a ring. Jane wants to date. Jane wants to relate. Jane wants to find a mate.

Jane wants to procreate. Jane wants to reach a celestial state.

Nanette is a sophomore. Nanette is majoring in Elementary Ed. Nanette is a size five. Nanette was Homecoming Queen all four years in high school and her freshman year at BYU. Nanette has big hair and not much else with regards to her head. Jane overhears Nanette in class. Nanette says, "I had six dates this weekend!" Jane is more confused. Jane beats her head against her desk. Ouch, Jane, ouch. Jane is not much less attractive than Nanette. Why, Jane asks, why?

Jane reads "Jim" article in *Student Review*. Jane snorts. Rude, Jane, rude. Jane's frustration level goes up ten notches. Up, Jane, up. There are a few things Jane wants to know from Jim: Where are all the Jims? What kind of girl is Jim really looking for?

Jane thinks all the Jims are looking for Nanettes. Nanette wants Brock. Brock is a jock. Brock drives a BMW. Brock is a pre-med student. Nanette won't look at Jim. Jim has a rejection complex. Does average Jim want a wife? Will average Jim accept an average Jane? Or will Jim still be looking for Nanette when he is a ministering angel? Think, Jim, think.

Jim, the Janes are out there. Δ



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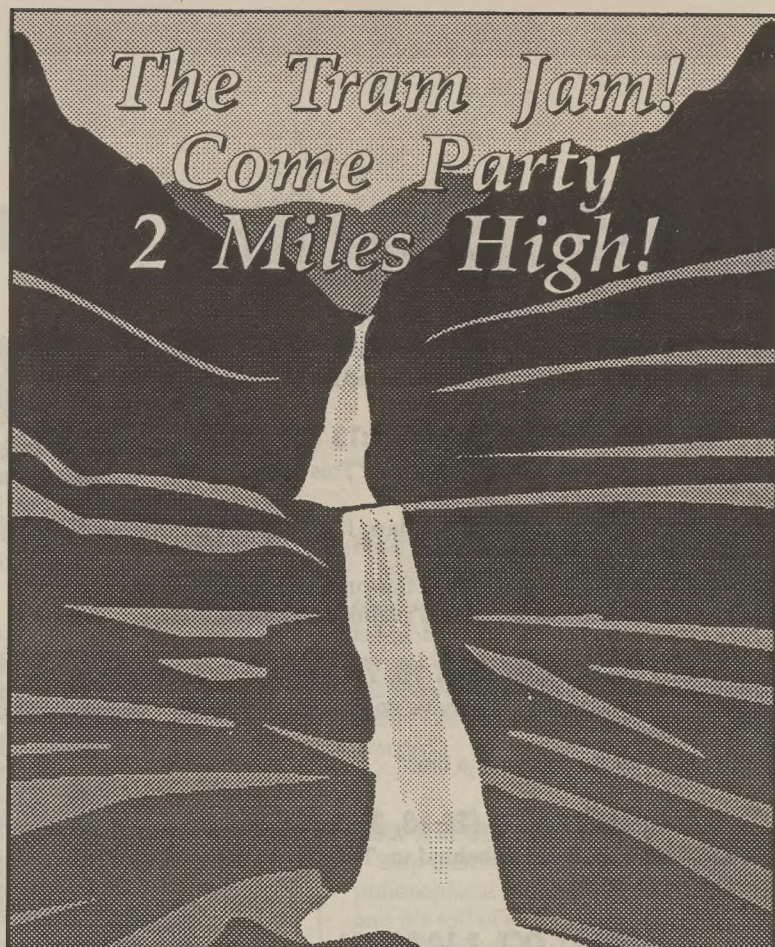
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Come Party  
2 Miles High!*

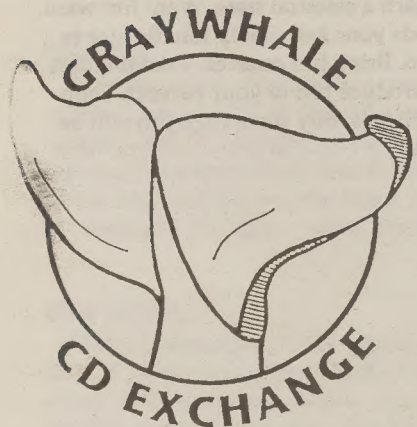


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Ride the world famous  
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where you and your friends  
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**Free Drinks and Snacks!**

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# GRAYWHALE CD



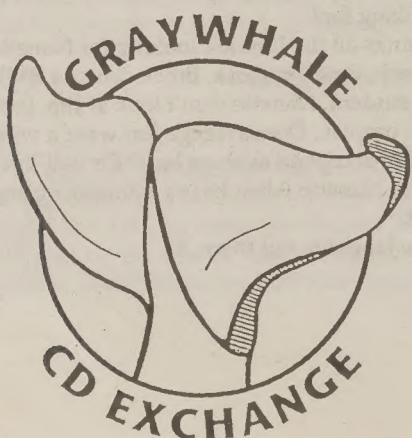
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# BYU ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS FOR TRAFFIC AND PARKING OFFICERS

by Rick Carpenter

**B**YU HAS SEVERAL EXCITING POSITIONS AVAILABLE IN THE TRAFFIC OFFICE, located in the heart of police activity, the basement of the ASB. Why get a job with Lost and Found or Grounds Crew when you can be a part of the Traffic Office's fast-paced criminal apprehension programs. Just look at the job descriptions below and if you think you fit the bill, then come on down to the ASB and fill out an application.

## TRAFFIC OFFICER

### QUALIFICATIONS

1. Must be able to pass the Presidential Physical Fitness Test.
2. High school graduate.(or GED equivalent).
3. Demonstrate ability to walk (without limping) while strapped with a gun.
4. One year of experience driving an automatic transmission, and demonstrate the ability to drive safely at 5-10 mph over the speed limit.(in order to chase down speeding offenders).
5. No allergies to polyester or rayon uniforms.
6. Demonstrate ability to distinguish between K-Mart blue light specials and BYU blue light emergency phones.
7. Successfully complete a rigorous five hour training program (also available by mail through Independent Study for a small fee).

### DUTIES

1. Enforce any and all rules, regulations and guidelines published or unpublished which may be construed to apply to the BYU community.
2. Maintain the official department image as a vital element of the university without which all normal operations would cease in a lawless chaos.
3. Be polite and courteous at all times (unless, of course, asked to justify your actions).

### BENEFITS

1. Free BYU health plan.(with \$50 deductible for each visit and/or phone call).
2. Free on-the-job use of a sporty white Chevrolet squad car with unlimited on-campus miles.
3. Impressive blue uniform, complete with flashy badge and other accessories, provided free of charge.
4. Free BYU tuition.(applicable only to job-related Independent Study courses).

If you don't quite measure up to the grueling lifestyle of a BYU Traffic Officer, we encourage you to apply for the demanding, yet more relaxed, job as a Parking Officer.

## PARKING OFFICER

### QUALIFICATIONS

1. Must be free of all foot diseases.
2. Demonstrate ability to walk.
3. Must be free from all social engagements that might hinder work schedule.
4. Demonstrate ability to refute any excuses for parking in a faculty zone without a properly validated parking sticker, including the infamous, "Hey buddy, move your butt! There's a fire!"
5. No allergies to polyester or rayon.

### DUTIES

1. Fill Traffic Officers' hot chocolate pot each morning.
2. During winter, clean snow daily from 10,000 parked cars to reveal parking stickers.
3. Write as many tickets as possible.(Prizes awarded daily to the officer with the highest dollar total in fines).
4. Fill the hot chocolate pot again for the next shift.

### BENEFITS

1. Free left over hot chocolate.
2. Impressive brown uniform, complete with flashy badge, is provided free of charge.(additional accessories are available for a small charge).
3. Overtime work during football and basketball seasons directing traffic with free traffic-pylon orange vest.

Be all that you can be. Be a part of the unstoppable BYU crime-prevention team! Δ



# ANOTHER BYU STUDENT COMES OUT

**I** AM YOUR BASIC BYU STUDENT WITH ONE MAJOR difference: I'm a communist. I talk like a capitalist, I act like a capitalist, but I am politically, mentally and emotionally attracted to uniting the working class against capitalist, imperialist leaches, and I have been ever since I can remember. I'm not even sure what it means to be a capitalist. I guess how my capitalist friends feel when they talk about the wall falling down is similar to how I would feel if I were planning a revolution.

I am also a Mormon and a returned missionary. While serving my mission I was one of the top workers in my mission: a DL, a ZL, and finally an AP. Sometimes I even fantasized that the mission president called me to be the secret police of the mission, and often I sent him special reports about other missionaries. After returning to Utah, I taught at the MTC for a year and still get letters from missionaries who I taught, thanking me for strengthening their testimonies about anti-imperialism. Many tell me that I was their favorite teacher. I guess I tell you this more to brag than to educate. I feel that communists are maligned at BYU because communism is misunderstood at BYU. I feel the need to clarify some things.

Being at BYU, and being a communist and a business major, if nothing else, makes for a life rich in irony. Since I've "come out" to myself and told a few selected comrades, I have served as a gospel indoctrination teacher, elder's quorum president and activities chairman. I'm still worthy to hold these positions; I've never actually been involved in an anti-government revolution, but if my poor (as in broke, exploited by the upper-class) bishop knew, I think he'd have a coronary. When friends make jokes about communism or communist leaders, I laugh because of the situational irony. After all, I know something they don't. I'm quite an actor because I have to be. I can't step out of character, at least not at BYU, where image seems to be more important than honesty, and essence seems to be more important than substance. I don't like that, but I accept it as one of the rules of the game since I choose to be here.

It has taken me a long time to admit that I am a communist. Like most people, I always equated communism with prison labor camps, purges, religious oppression and blatant brutality. Communists were violent workers who came from the lower class but somehow got a lot of power. How could I, someone decidedly upper-class (I decided to be rich), who had no desire for atheism, Siberian winters or torture sessions, be a communist? Yes, I was attracted to Marxist books and revolutionary pamphlets, but that didn't make me a communist. Besides, I was Mormon, and we all know that Mormons are not communists. I was wrong. There are communist Mormons, and quite a few of them at BYU.

I thought if I lived a devout life that my feelings would go away. I hoped that once I got the priesthood I would no longer feel this way towards Marxism. I remember thinking that once I was ordained a teacher these feelings would go away. Then a priest. Then the

Melchizedek priesthood. When being ordained an elder didn't take away my Leninist-Marxist feelings, I thought that my mission would. Ironically enough, my mission president was also a Marxist. (I served in Chile) He told us our sins would be forgiven if we served a diligent mission. I worked so hard for this to come true. Surely God would take these feelings from me when he saw my hard labor and sacrifice. So I thought. But it did not happen. If anything, my feelings only intensified after my mission.

I plunged into depression. I had done all the Church and God had asked me to do, gone the extra mile even, and yet I still had communist feelings stronger than before. I hated God. I hated the Church. I felt betrayed. How could I fulfill God's Plan of Salvation, The Plan of Happiness, when I felt no desire to exploit the working class, much less start my own business. Also, what corporation in this country would ever think of hiring a confessed communist? Am I honest with them about my feelings, or do I just pretend my whole life? Some job. Awful life.

I decided that I would deny my communist feelings and try to make as much money as possible. It was easy to make lots of money. It was another thing to enjoy myself. After numerous attempts I quit trying. I was totally depressed and felt my life had little meaning.

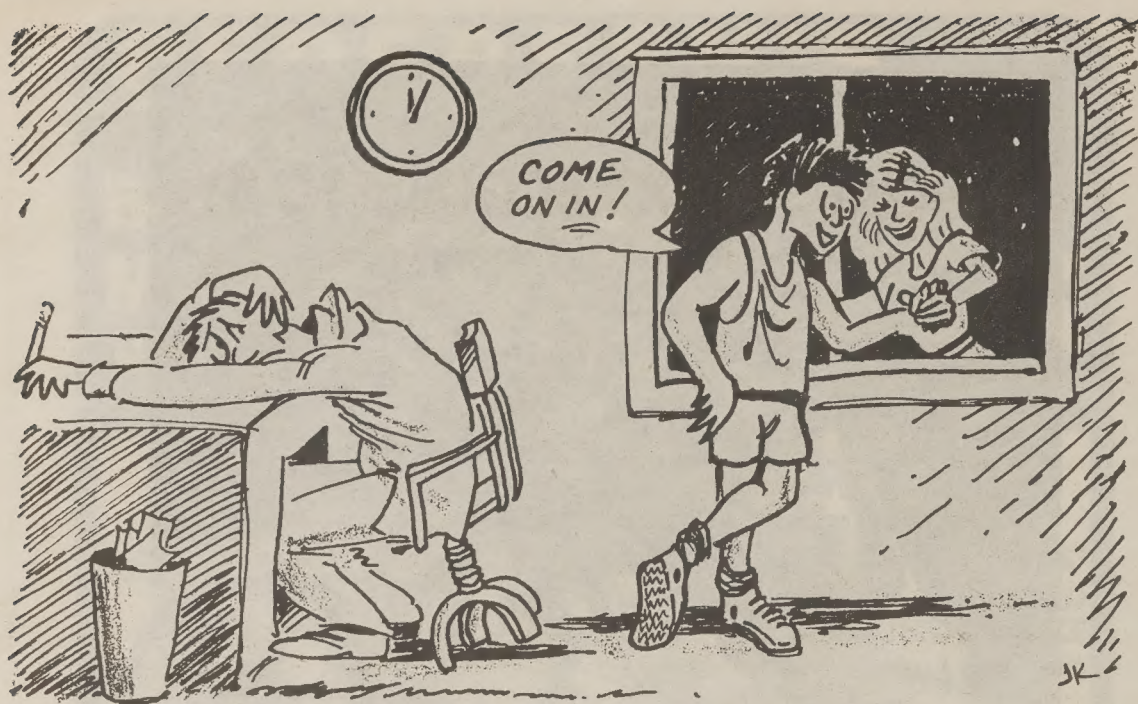
A friend referred me the the Capitalist-Imperialist Indoctrination Center in the Kimball Tower and so far my therapy has been beneficial. I can't say that I feel any less communist than when I started, but I've learned a lot about myself and can see some possible reasons for my orientation. My counselor is very professional and the whole experience has been positive and confidential. Who knows what will happen in the future? The important thing is that I am now dealing with myself honestly.

I have reconciled being communist and being at BYU quite well: act capitalist warmonger, think communist insurgent; but I don't know how I will reconcile my political orientation and atheistic heritage once I leave BYU. Difficult choices will have to be made. What I do know is that honesty with myself and with others I trust has made me happy. You can't deal with being a communist if you deny it. Denial leads to serious problems and dangerous behaviors.

And a few words to my capitalist friends and comrades: you should realize how many of us there are here at BYU and be careful in your dealings with others. The "ten percent" statistic is not limited to other valleys, other religions and other universities. Maybe your roommate is a communist. Maybe your elder's quorum president is a communist. Maybe you are a communist. Maybe the editors of this newspaper are communists. In fact, we're probably all communists.

A little understanding and honesty about communism would be a good thing around here. Until we are honest, BYU's communist students will talk capitalist and act capitalist. That's a formula for craziness. I can hardly wait until I graduate. Δ





SR ART BY JERRY KEARNS

# DEAR STANDARDS

by Gary Burgess

*Editor's Note: Any similarity between the advice given and the notions, deeds or thoughts of the Standards Office at this university is purely accidental.*

## DEAR STANDARDS,

I'd like your help on something that has really been troubling me. My roommate and I competed in a fencing tournament in Denver a couple weeks ago. To our surprise, the first day we both won our matches. We walked back to our dorms, elated. We really felt proud of ourselves. I went out to use a phone (to order a pizza), and when I returned my roommate was bare chested. He had taken his shirt off.

We went ahead and had our pizza. Though I turned up the air conditioning and opened the drapes, my roommate fell asleep on his bed, still in his half naked condition. I thought about ways in which I could in some way cover him up, either with a sheet, or sections of our carpet, or with the insulation I knew to be hidden in our walls. But he had such an exhausted look on his face, I hesitated.

We've since returned to Provo, and though there are small children who sometimes play in our neighborhood, my roommate takes his shirt off sometimes after meals, or a full half hour before showering. I feel somewhat responsible for his behavior—I was the one who didn't, at first, take a stand. I could have offered him treats, maybe a nice fountain pen. Perhaps a little trinket of some kind. Please advise me on this because I want to maintain our friendship, and yet also try and do what I know to be right.

SINCERELY YOURS,  
ANGUISHED

## DEAR ANGUISHED,

I understand. Let me say that again: I understand. You know, Dr. Len Ruben, a colleague of mine, has written a pamphlet entitled "Do You Box His Ears or Bake Him a Nice Treat?" It's for single males with questions like yours, and it is available in our reading room at Standards.

A story about my friend and colleague, Len. A group of us at the office decided a few years ago to organize a picnic up Provo canyon for the staff. Zealously we went about organizing the female employees (it was in September). On a Saturday we gathered with our families and colleagues in a nice camping area, where we cooked our burgers and prepared the non-cafeinated beverages. We were about to perform our sacrifices when we heard the crashing of brush to our right. It was Len, on his mule with his wife and two teen-aged sons, Abe and Sal. Behind him followed two packed animals, loaded with wholesome treats and ice cream goodies. Two seminary teachers were driving the animals from behind with switches, evidently there for the free meal.

Len got off his mule and walked in his weary way over to me. He seemed especially bent over, dishevelled and wild eyed, as if he'd been up all night reading stacks of commentary on the Honor Code from the Wilkinson era again.

"That sweater sets your eyes off nicely," he said, in his hoarse voice. I nodded, folding my arms. I know he was busy in those days studying the Honor Code's sections on grooming for males. He was coming to the conclusion that the number of long vowels in those

sections was the same as the number of gerunds and word stems of Winnebago Indian slang expressions in the even numbered chapters of the Book of Isaiah, and so, therefore, he reasoned, sideburns on guys were still completely out of the question. I remember one day about that time we had lunch on the Quad to enjoy the sunshine, and he stamped his fist on his knee. "Let the men go without sideburns," he said.

"Easy Len," I said. "Work on your vegetables."

In those days the office always seemed alive with activity. Of course we were translating commentary on the Honor Code into different ancient languages, then as now. But we were also discovering statistics that showed that men who wore shorts to work that were above the knee (boat repairmen and gardeners) were paid less than those who wore full length trousers, such as doctors, lawyers and businessmen. They also had significantly lower levels of education, and didn't really seem to know the difference, when tested, between "play clothes" and "work clothes."

During all this, we had planned our picnic. We were ready to sacrifice, to eat, and then to listen to a talk by one of our staff, entitled, "If students don't agree with our methods, let them at least think we are tidy and well-groomed." I will always respect Len though for what he did that day at the picnic. He looked at all of us with those heavy, melancholy eyes. He walked over to the burgers and asked a receptionist when she had purchased them, and the rest of the refreshments. "11:30 Tuesday morning," she said.

We all looked at our feet, shame-faced. She had bought everything during devotional time. Some of us raised our arms toward the heavens. Len tore his shirt in half. The seminary teachers spat, and then started wrestling each other in the dirt. I wrung my hands and threw ashes from the fire pit on my face, smudging my collar. The picnic was over.

I think the two seminary teachers ended up pawing all the hamburger patties and condiments for themselves and their families, and whatever else they could put in their shirts and light jackets. We really were in no mood then to fill up on Len's treats and ice cream goodies. We went back to town.

Come by our office sometime, or take a browse through our reading room.

SINCERELY, YOURS,  
STANDARDS

## DEAR STANDARDS,

I'm new here at the 'Y' and am looking for appropriate intramural sports or activities to get involved in. Any suggestions?

SINCERELY YOURS,  
CURIOUS

## DEAR CURIOUS,

Standards sponsors a number of intramural activities. A popular one for moral young men and women is our diving in winter clothes competition. It's one in which modest people can participate in. Really, it's amazing what flips and twists one can do while wearing hiking boots and a parka! Still, even our best divers find it hard not to make a big splash when they enter the water. Our judges normally take this into consideration, as well as the diver's form, balance and modesty.

SINCERELY YOURS,  
STANDARDS

# TOP 50

(in no particular order)

hair gone wild	recycling
dating girls that can kick your butt	irrepressible smiles
Smokin' Joe Cannon	aardvarks
mercy	love
Downy fresh sheets	compromise
dollar movies	glow in the dark stars
free samples at grocery stores	bald undergrads
swings	Letterman (from Electric Company)
bliss	cheap gas
shaving your date's back	baptizing football players
learning something in class	playing dot-to-dot with freckles
Yes!	Wayne's World
faraway places	Wolf Blitzer
outrunning bike cops	free earrings from Mr. Clean
7'6" centers	wave machine in ESC
free thought	Neil Young, Social Distortion & Sonic Youth
repentant ex-cons	owl sounds
abstinence	flowers on campus
bald women	cancellation of Pee Wee's Playhouse
nice people	Demi Moore on Vanity Fair
rubber ducks	road trips
snorting Pixi Stix	ice cream
strangers that give you \$1,000,000	graduation
goodnight kiss	color
realization that school is hell	
flirts	

# BOTTOM 20

(also in no particular order)

reality, drooling, facial wounds, love, abstinence, black widows in bed, SR's BCCI account, being stood up, protruding nose hair, cheese-grating your finger, chalk lines on your butt, the inevitability of having to scratch your ears while washing dishes, anything to do with Charo, war, drop policy, instant engagements, "I don't recall", LA cops, Pee Wee's Big Misadventure, Extinction

— clip & save!

# HOW TO TURN HIM OFF

by Michelle Moore

TOO MUCH TIME IS SPENT ON THE STUDY OF SEDUCTION. WOMEN OUTDO themselves in their efforts to turn men on. This is all wrong. Men are loaded love pistols that need no triggering. Therefore the larger focus should be on turning them off. This is no small feat, and requires some careful consideration and cunning.

We all find ourselves occasionally caught in grievous circumstances when we must thwart the advances of an arduous male. That is, an arduous male whose advances are of no appeal to us. I found myself in such a situation a short while ago, when a primate-like suitor took me out on a date. After several hours of four-wheel driving and enjoying the melodic tunes of Megadeth, he mercifully took me home. There on the doorstep he hovered over me and the threat of his embrace gave me fright. As his hairy knuckle brushed my cheek and the smell of English Leather wafted through my nostrils, I began to panic. Like a wild animal caught in a leg-hold, I would have gladly chewed off one of my limbs to escape. When he puckered his lips and drew near, I told him I had leprosy and ran into my apartment.

This poor unfortunate male never did call me again. For this I am truly grateful, but the incident caused me to reflect that there must be an easier way out. I thought of all the miserable women who get trapped in similar situations, but not possessing the same degree of wit and candor as I, probably fall into the perilous trap of submission. Grim. Sisters, I'm here to tell you this needs not be. After careful analysis and research, I have compiled a list of helpful tips to turn him off. Study and learn:

- \*Wear a neck brace.
- \*Say "I love you."
- \*Crack your knuckles loudly. When you're finished, take your shoes off and crack your toes.
- \*Tell him you're an outie.
- \*Spend the whole night complaining about a painful pimple in your nose.
- \*Tell him about your cousin who used to microwave cats.
- \*Stop wearing colognes with such provocative names as "Obsession" or "Submission". Try a scent with a title like "Negotiate".
- \*Make mucus bubbles.
- \*Tell him your mother works for Standards.
- \*Tell him your nickname is "lumpy".
- \*Tell him about the kidney stone you had last spring. Be explicit.

C'mon girls. Don't compromise your standards. Don't date men who bore you as much as Leviticus. Try my tips. Skillful application of any one of these methods may prove to be a stronger deterrent than a cold shower. Good luck. Δ



# QUAYLISMS

**A**S THE YEAR BEGINS I thought it wise to print once again some of the more profound and insightful comments of our nation's second in command so that we can all better understand what makes him tick. It was hard to choose from his many fine sayings, but I think the following collection of quotes provides a representative look at the Q-man's unparalleled wisdom.

"I believe we are on an irreversible trend toward more freedom and democracy ... but that could change."

"[The Holocaust was] an obscene period in our nation's history."

*JDQ quickly corrected himself with the following comment:*

"[I mean] this century's history. We all lived in this century, I didn't live in this century"

"Hawaii has always been a very pivotal role in the Pacific. It is in the Pacific. It is a part of the United States that is an island that is right here."

"We expect them [Salvadoran officials] to work toward the elimination of human rights."

"El Salvador is a democracy so it's not surprising that there are

many voices to be heard here. Yet in my conversations with Salvadorans ... I have heard a single voice."

"I stand by all the misstatements that I've made."

"Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate thinking."

"If we do not succeed, then we run the risk of failure."

[I will never have] "another Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy Carter grain embargo. *How's that for a tongue twister!*

"If I had known I would be spending so much time in Latin America I would have studied Latin so I could speak with the local people."

"I want to be Robin to Bush's Batman."

"Lookit, I've done it their way this far and now it's my turn. I'm my own handler. Any questions? Ask me ... There's not going to be any more handler stories because I'm the handler ... I'm Doctor Spin." *-responding to press reports of his aides having to, in effect, "potty train" him.*

## OFFICIAL SR POCKET GUIDE TO BYU

by Frank Bowman and Nathan Tanner

### PROVO

#### GROCERY STORES:

Food 4 Less - Home of the 240-roll toilet paper pack, 10-cent loaves of bread, and 55-gallon drums of cooking oil.

Smith's - Provo's answer to the singles' bar.  
Albertsons - a swell place to display Daddy's Gold Card.

Multi-colored Air - Geneva is just trying to help Southern Californians feel at home.  
City-wide Irrigation Ditches - ???  
Street Repairs - ???

### FITTING IN

#### VOCABULARY:

Creative Utah pseudo-obscenities - fetch(in'), flip(in'), frick(in'), fudge(in'?), suck(pronounced sock), shoot, dang, darn, diddle, heck, oh my heck, oh my laws, holy Hannah...

Roll - No! it's not what you first thought of, but you're on the right track. Generally refers to a prolonged make-out session, where both participants are in a horizontal position.

NCMO (nicmo) - Non-committal make-out.

-age (pronounced -idge) - Universal suffix added to any and all words, i.e. dude-age, fun-age, score-age, babe-age, dog-age, whoa-age, etc.

#### APPEARANCE:

Conformist - Circumcised hair cuts accompanied by Polo, Gap, Levi's, J. Crew, and other yuppie-ware outfitted with a durable leather satchel to complete the desired BYU image.

Nonconformist - Hair self-cut and colored, and clothes befitting the basic thrasher-skater-punk-mod-I-don't-care attitude so you can fit in with all the other nonconformists. Δ

### ENTERTAINMENT

#### DANCING:

The Palace - where people from Utah scam.  
The Ivy Tower - where everyone else scams.  
Ward dances - where people scam for their eternal companions.

#### MOVIES:

Movies 8 - Does the ritual sing along with the Cinemark Cats say anything about Provo moviegoers? Are they creative geniuses, full of repressed musical desires, or just plain psychotic? We don't know, but maybe the wanna-be psychoanalysts at Standards could help.

Varsity - This, friends, is the source of each and every one of the creative Utah pseudo-obscenities. (see Vocabulary)

### ON CAMPUS

#### BUILDINGS:

Stake Center Brick Buildings - Just a little reminder that this is the Lord's university.

Tanner Building - Great and spacious ...

Testing Center - The mood here adds immeasurably to the "unique atmosphere" of BYU. A place of constant glee where smiles abound.

Harmon Building - And people said erector sets are for children...

ASB - Home of Big Brother.

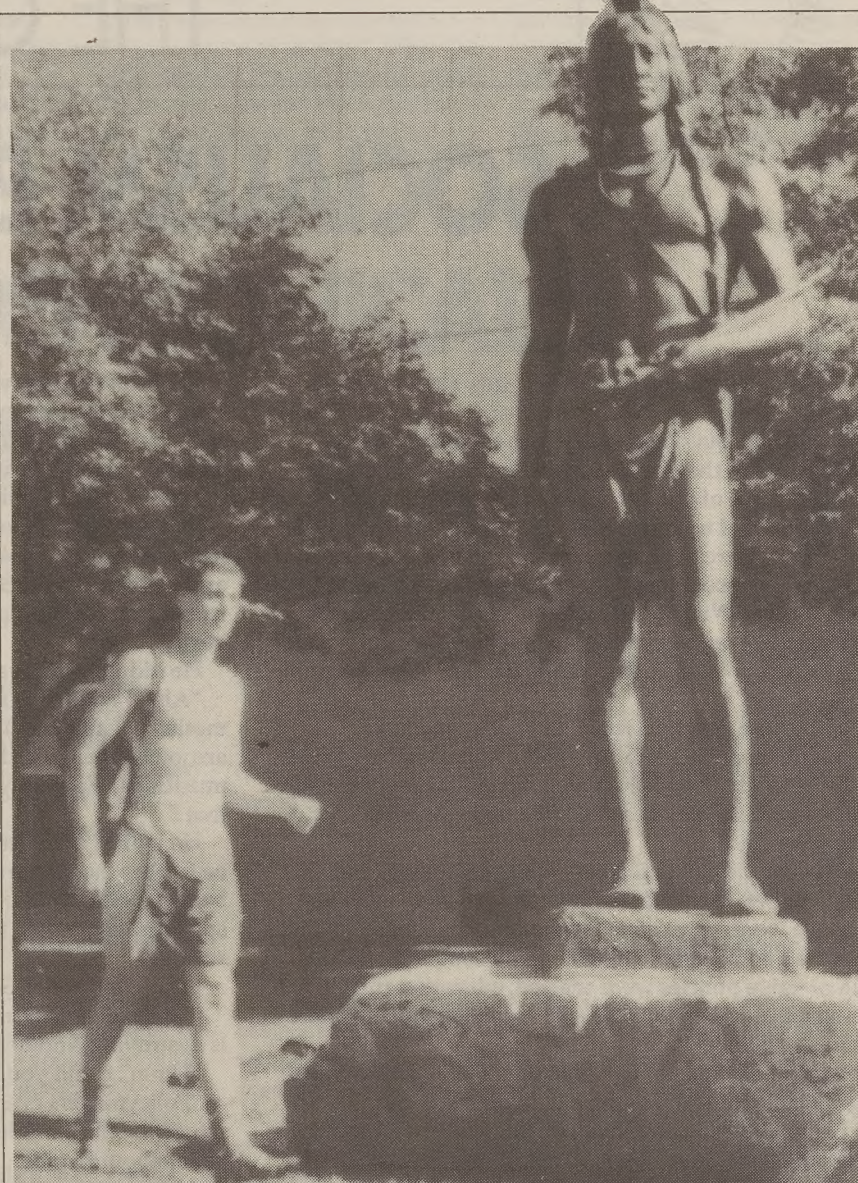
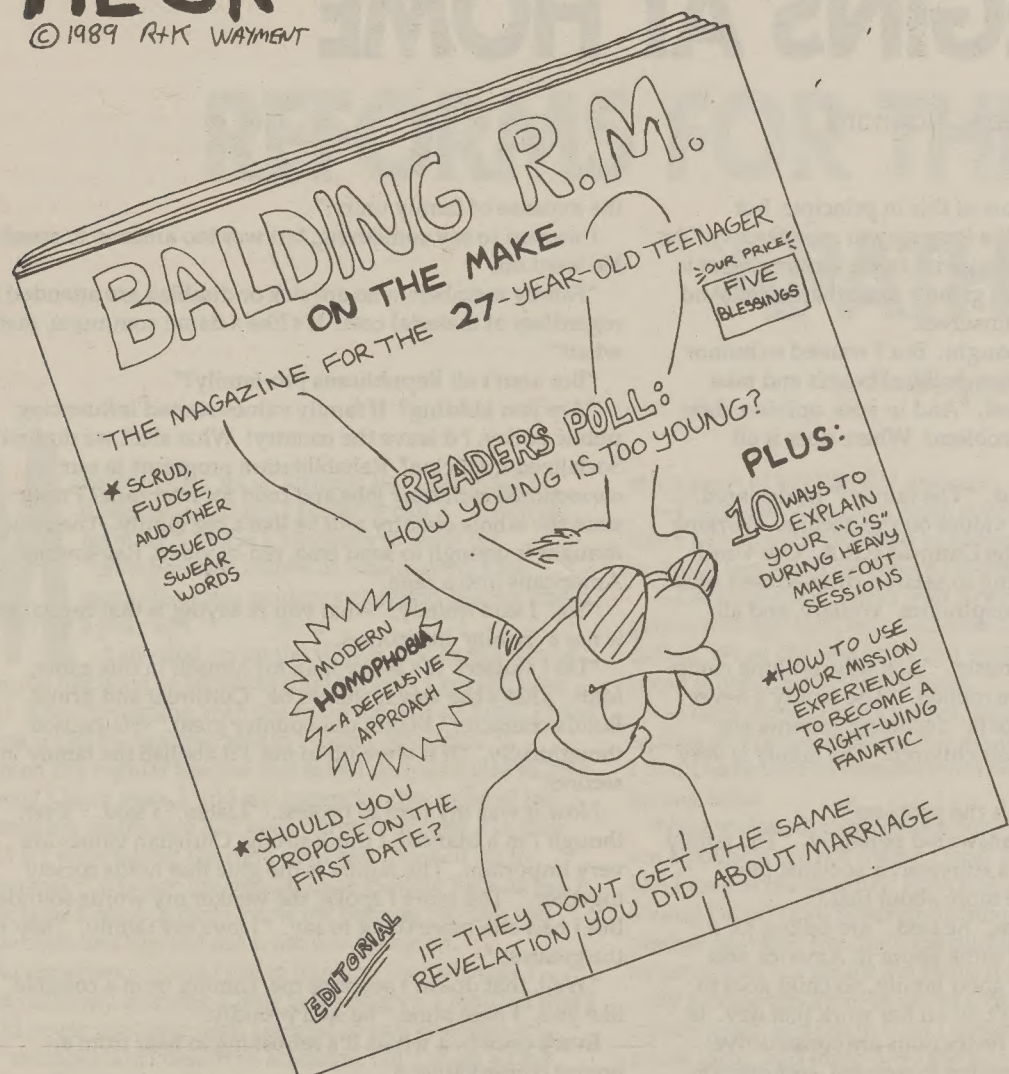
Big Brother: bicycle cavalry, parking nazis and the wanna-be psychoanalysts at Standards.

~ clip & save!

## LIFE IN HECK

© 1989 R+K WAYMENT

W/APOLOGIES  
TO MATT  
GROENING



Standards Violator of the Week



# THE STRUGGLES OF THE WORKING POOR

by Bill Duncan

**A**NYONE WHO IS FAMILIAR WITH THE recent Pittston coal strike will know that the mainstream press doesn't cover the struggles of labor in the United States (though it was fairly vivid over the strikes in Siberia that occurred at that same time.) While the gaze of the press is invariably fixed elsewhere, the working poor of America continue to suffer and to struggle each day for basic human rights.

On September 21, National Public Radio ran two segments on labor struggles in the South. (Keep in mind, though, that labor battles are raging all over the country.) In Mississippi, the United Food and Commercial Workers' Local 1529 is striking against the Delta Pride catfish plant. The radio report pointed out that most of the Delta Pride employees are black and have fought decades of discrimination. One observer spoke of the "plantation mentality" of the management.

Employees of this plant are routinely mistreated. They can be penalized for leaving the line to use the restroom, and one woman contended that she was fired for talking in the line. The same woman pointed out that one pound of Delta Pride fish sells for more than most employees' hourly wage. The magnitude of the Delta Pride strike is far from trivial—there are an estimated 1,000 jobs at stake.

The other NPR report took on the issue of sweatshops, specifically in El Paso, Texas. These small garment factories employ mostly Hispanic women, who often work on promises of pay alone. Half of all garment work is done cheaply in Mexico, Latin America, the Caribbean, and Asia, so American subcontractors must produce at nearly half the normal cost. Obviously it's the employees that suffer from this.

Often, the subcontractors that run the shops go bankrupt and wages are withheld from the workers. When the IRS auctions off the machines of the bankrupt factories, the money goes not to pay outstanding wages, but instead, to the government. Consequently, the workers are never paid.

Working conditions in the operating factories are inhuman. In many cases there is no air conditioning. Workers must endure the summer heat with no relief. In one shop a 15 year old boy was operating machinery, and in another, \$85,000 in wages were withheld from employees.

One congressman has called for a nationwide investigation of these subcontracting garment factories, but California governor George Dukemejian recently vetoed a bill that would hold manufacturers responsible for conditions in the shops they contracted from. (As a resident of California, I know how hostile the powers-that-be are to the plight of the

working poor. The United Farm Workers' grape boycott was openly denounced by Senator Pete Wilson. And earthquake relief was slow, if at all existent, in the small communities of migrant workers around San Francisco.)

In response to the conditions of the sweatshops, a workers' organization called Mujer Obrera has been fighting to secure the rights of employees. They have picketed, organized boycotts of IRS auctions selling bankrupted factories' equipment, and gone on hunger strikes.

These are only two examples of the struggles of labor that are going on today. In California, management is trying to pit loggers against environmentalists in the battle to save the spotted owl. This is particularly ironic because the clear-cutting that would destroy the owl (and significantly affect the environment) would ultimately cost the loggers their jobs. We have also recently seen strikes against the Pittston Mining Company in West Virginia, against Eastern Airlines, and against the Greyhound bus company. This situation is compounded by shut-downs at numerous auto plants (most notoriously, at Flint, Michigan.)

Meanwhile, the corporate press hails the decline in union membership and explains that it is a sign that management is becoming more benevolent. But the membership decline is more likely attributable to the

mass emmigration of manufacturers overseas where jobs can be done at slave rates. Even Zbigniew Brezizinski is hailing the changes in Eastern Europe as a "marvelous opportunity" to obtain labor at \$2 a day. The decline can also be attributed to the zealous union-busting of employers and government.

It's time to recognize the legitimacy of the struggles of workers. We need to work for the collectivization of production so that the workers producing the goods and services are in control of their own working situations. We also need to stop the flow of jobs overseas.

While some may argue that there is no real problem because unemployment figures seem low, such skeptics need to realize that these figures don't account for the vast number of homeless people who have no chance to collect unemployment (or vote) because they can't prove a permanent residence. The skeptics also don't take into consideration the individual human struggles that so many must face daily. Our government's priorities must move away from bolstering the profits of business and back to the welfare of U.S. citizens, and from jobs in the defense industry to real jobs in the non-military sector. As citizens, we must show solidarity with the workers of the United States and the world if we are going to achieve a decent and humanitarian society. Δ



## THE OTHER SIDE

# SOCIALISM BEGINS AT HOME

by Matthew Stannard

**N**ORMALLY I WOULDN'T ADMIT THIS, BUT SOME OF MY friends are a bit...conservative. I wouldn't mind this, but occasionally I am forced to listen to what they have to say. As you would expect, most of it is either old hat or just plain goofy, and not of much interest. But every once in a while...

Here's the situation: My friend and I were discussing the recent tendency of conservative pundits (most notably George Will) to celebrate the decline of American social liberalism and the return to an every-man-for-himself conservatism. Will calls this transformation "The Journey Up From Guilt."

It reads like a religious fable. In Will's particular mythology, there was a happy time, a sort of Eden, I gather, when everybody pulled their weight, criminals were treated with the brutality they deserved, the poor were the poor, and that was that.

Then came the Fall. Liberals from the academic and theological Left took over the collective conscience. They told us we were responsible for the suffering of others; that crime was a social problem; that reparations were needed. A bunch of naive policies were enacted, education ruined, and nay a shred of it worked. We are, of course, much worse off because of all that.

Now, Will continues, we're smarter. We're abandoning our guilt feelings and moving back towards social Darwinism and radical individualism, where we should have been all the time. We're killing criminals instead of messing with their minds. We've wisely abandoned many expensive social services. In time, hopes Will, we'll end our concern for minority rights and all will be well again. Amen.

My friend agreed with most of this in principle, but suggested that there was still a long way to go. "Society," he said, "is still sick; still dishonest with itself. Communism is creeping into the picture with greater force than ever. And we've no one to blame but ourselves."

I've heard this before, I thought. But I wanted to humor him, lest he remember my own political beliefs and take appropriate action. So I asked, "And in your opinion, dear friend, what is the biggest problem? Where does it all begin?"

He didn't hesitate a second. "The family!" he declared. "Ah," I nodded. "Family values on the decline. Working mothers. Latch-key kids. The Damned E.R.A. Our youth are joining gangs and listening to satanic, drug-soused rock musicians. Easy prey for conspirators. Welfare, and all that."

He looked at me incredulously. "Actually, nothing could be further than the truth," he replied. "The family's never been in better shape. Divorce is declining, parents are spending more time with their children. The family is very strong."

I was confused. "So what's the problem?" "That's the problem," he answered patiently. "The family is destroying America. It is a subversive, socialist plot!"

"Umm...could you tell me more about that?" "Policymakers everywhere," he said, "are calling for a return to family values. But think about it: America was never about families. In the good family, no child goes to bed hungry, even if she didn't do all her work that day. In the family, punishment and restrictions are constructive; designed to educate. Cooperation is stressed, competition discouraged. Individual expression is encouraged, but not at

the expense of family unity."

I wanted to say something, but was too amazed to speak. He went on.

"Family members who are sick or disabled are attended to regardless of material cost. It's like a damn commune, that's what!"

"But aren't all Republicans pro-family?"

"Are you kidding? If family values started influencing public policy, I'd leave the country! What shall we do first? Socialized medicine? Rehabilitation programs in our correctional facilities? Jobs and food for everyone? Pretty soon the whole country will be like a big family. The very thought is enough to send true, red-blooded, flag-loving Americans into a rage."

"So," I said quietly, "what you're saying is that capitalism is not a 'family' institution..."

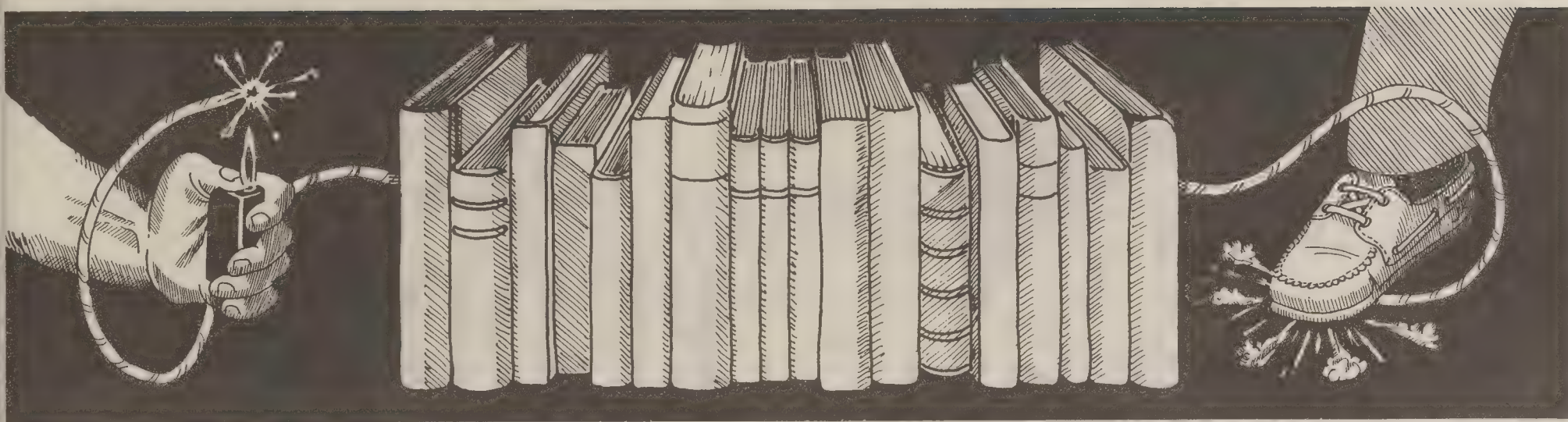
"Do I stutter? It's every man for himself in this game, Matt. That's the way it should be. Cutthroat and brutal. Builds character. Makes our country great." He paused thoughtfully. "If it were up to me, I'd abolish the family in a second."

Now it was my turn to protest. "Listen," I said. "Even though I'm a Marxist, I think strong, Christian values are very important. The family is the glue that holds society together." The more I spoke, the weaker my words sounded. But I had one more thing to say. "I love my family. They're the greatest."

"Well, that doesn't surprise me, coming from a commie like you. I hate mine," he said proudly.

Every once in a while, it's refreshing to hear from an honest conservative. Δ





SE ART BY JERRY KEARNS

# TO BURN, OR NOT TO BURN

Stephen D. Gibson

IN FEBRUARY OF 1988 A FRIEND and I attended a book burning in Boulder, Colorado. It was sponsored by a church, named, ironically The Good Faith Love Fellowship and led by a Reverend Fingerland.

The burning was to take place in the church's front yard. The targeted books were those of the New Age variety. In an effort to escape a city ordinance prohibiting book burnings the church declared it would use the books to start the coals for its annual barbecue. The media and the general population of Boulder were invited.

A lot of people were there, most carried fire extinguishers or signs saying things like "Burn Cows Not Books," "Does Anyone Have a Bible?," and "Hitler Burned Books." People sang, and shouted, cops ate donuts and television reporters arranged their cables, cameras and lights. A group of Klanishly hooded cheerleaders sarcastically danced in mock support.

I remember Reverend Fingerland standing on a table someone had dragged out into the yard. Just as he prepared to light what we thought was the first

book, a protester tipped the table out from under him. He fell to the ground and was quickly soaked by the crowd with water. Most of those standing laughed.

But the Reverend got up rapidly, grinned, and pointed to the other end of the yard where, as the protesters turned, some of his assistants started a small fire of five or six books. More angry yelling ensued, but no more fires were started, and eventually people began wandering home.

The face of the man that tipped the Reverend's table was the face of someone who believes, without question, that what they are doing is right. I don't know enough about the New Age movement to have an opinion about it, but its obvious that if Reverend Fingerland and those like him have their way you and I would never have the option of learning more about it and then making a decision for ourselves. When efforts to censor succeed our options are limited and without options our ability to choose is decreased.

People with alternatives can choose to grow and actually do so, regardless (or maybe because) of the opposition in their lives.

William Barclay, in his *Introducing the Bible*, states, "Disagreement can be the way to new discovery and is always a stimulus to thought, for we can never be sure of any position until we have defended it from attack."

Great civilizations are established and defended when people with options choose to live morally, not when they have no choices. Should someone with no choice but good behavior be praised or blessed for doing good? No. Rocks may as well be praised for falling when dropped. People with endless options who constantly chooses good regardless of opposition to their decisions are worthy of praise. Not only do they benefit themselves, they allow others to partake of this same blessing of freedom.

We can choose to do good by keeping personal standards we have formulated or adopted. "The mind that has conceived a plan of living must never lose sight of the chaos against which that pattern was conceived," said the narrator of Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*. Censorship blocks our view of chaos and if so blinded we may become complacent in the living of

our own plan.

To allow the existence of opposition without being seduced by it is not easy, but it is necessary. This may be possible if we refuse to indulge in anything contrary to the standards we have, while allowing others the privilege of setting their own standards.

Having options and choosing from them is so important people should be paid to provide them for us. The National Endowment for the Arts is designed to do this, but it is hampered in its efforts and is even attacked for doing what it has been created to accomplish. The September 25th issue of *U.S. News & World Report* contained the following information: "Of the 85,000 grants awarded since the NEA was founded, only 20 have caused dispute ..."

The NEA's main problem is not that it generates too many disputes, but that it generates too few. In the words of columnist Michael Kinsley, "Any arts-funding program that can't generate more controversy than that is a waste of money." What the NEA needs is the freedom to spend the money it receives in ways that will provoke more thought and

debate. Self-censorship is still censorship and our ability to choose is still lessened.

"Voluntary" labeling is self-censorship and could easily lead to public censorship. Label music because of its lyrics and soon audio recordings of books on tape will be labeled too. The final steps to labeling books and from labeling to actual censorship would not be terribly difficult once the labels on recorded books where widely accepted.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mein/ As to be hated needs but to be seen/ Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face/ We first endure, then pity, then embrace," said Alexander Pope in "*An Essay on Man*." Society is presently enduring the vice of censorship. The two must not embrace.

There is no reason to deny another the privilege of self-determination. By doing so we limit them and we limit ourselves. The fight for freedom of choice has a long history and the battle continues. If we are not careful and aware the mob may carry signs that favor the burning of books. And the titles Reverend Fingerland throws in the bonfire may be ones near and dear to you and me. Δ

# REFORMS FOR THE CHRONICALLY APATHETIC

by Emily Lauritzen

MY SISTERS CALL ME AN AIRHEAD AND I CAN'T SAY I disagree, although I prefer to call it "selective learning." I have a tendency to blow off "unimportant" tidbits of information. One example of this tendency occurred during finals a year ago.

I showed up on the wrong day, in the wrong room, for my Book of Mormon final (at least I got the time right). After struggling with the exam for half an hour, I took the test up to the teacher, whom I didn't recognize. (I assumed my regular teacher had asked someone else to give the final.) Near tears, I told the instructor that none of the information on the test had been covered in class. He then asked if I were taking the right final and I looked up to realize that it was not my regular class looking back at me. I really hoped none of them knew me because by then the whole class had figured out what was going on.

This experience started me to thinking that perhaps I could make my learning a little less selective. I realized that I would never graduate until I started to pay attention to a few "unimportant" details of academic life. I must admit that I have improved, and have even done so without buying a Franklin Day Planner.

Sadly my tendency towards selective learning shows up in

other parts of my life. For instance:

—I've never voted in a local, state or national election. I don't pay enough attention to know what date election day is, much less study campaign platforms and candidates.

—I seldom find time to read a newspaper and if I do, it's a glance through the Daily Universe (explore the universe—daily!). When the war with Iraq started, I didn't find out about it until twelve hours later.

—I have never demonstrated, picketed, or rallied for or against any cause. I excuse this apathy by telling myself that I don't have time to become informed enough to take a stand on any issue.

What makes all these confessions truly shocking is that I am a political science major. I tend to look at world events like I look at the weather: I can't do anything about it so why should I care? (I've never understood the obsession my mother has with watching the nightly weather forecast. She never misses it; I figure if it rains, it rains.)

By having this attitude about world affairs I have given myself much less credit than I deserve. People can think and create ideas, and ideas have the power to change the world (a paraphrase from Dead Poets' Society). History books are full of such examples. Humans were not given the power to

think and speak only that we might shrug our shoulders and say "I can't do anything about it so why should I care?"

Consider this confession/article a call to action. Join me in starting to care about something. We don't have to join Greenpeace or any political organization (though it's not a bad idea). Just join me in starting to be a modest force in the world. Read the newspaper, and think about what you read. Talk it over with your friends. If you feel strongly enough about an issue, write a letter to the editor of a paper, or to your congressperson.

George Bernard Shaw said it far better than I ever could when he wrote:

"This is the true joy in life—that being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one. That being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die. For the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It's a sort of splendid torch which I've got to hold up for the moment and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations." Δ



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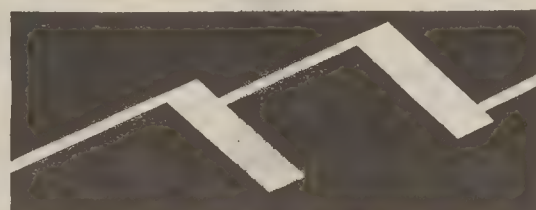
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and a water fountain up here."

"So, you wanna sell your motor home . . ."



# THE CASE AGAINST THE WAR

By Mark Freeman and Jim Snyder

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE GULF CRISIS in August, thousands of Americans have protested the government's move towards war. From the beginning they have rejected the idea that war is the only solution to this, or any crisis.

When the U.S. initiated military conflict on January 16, the BYU Coalition against War in the Middle East staged a sit-in, protesting the failure of our government to engage in genuine diplomatic efforts to resolve the crisis. Since then, we have continued our protest from a booth in the Wilkinson Center's step-down lounge, and we will keep protesting until U.S. policy is changed to represent genuine American interests in the Middle East.

Our coalition has been criticized on a number of grounds. We are accused, for example, of not supporting military personnel. We do not believe that our military people can be reduced to their fighting orders—Operation Desert Storm. They are human beings and should not be required to die in a misguided war. The true debate, therefore, concerns the merits of Operation Desert Storm, not who supports the troops. All of us—on both sides of the debate—support the troops.

We are told, moreover, that the time for debate has passed; Congress already voted to authorize military force. In a democratic society, however, the time for public debate never passes. Citizens must continually evaluate the merits of all policies, especially war policies. Otherwise, our leaders become irresponsible and democracy ceases to function properly.

In the past weeks we have confronted a

number of arguments on behalf of the war effort in the Gulf. We cannot address all of them here. But in what follows, we consider some of the most common arguments in favor of Desert Storm.

*"It is our duty as the world's leading superpower to liberate Kuwait."*

It is the duty of any nation to oppose brutality and aggression, and Iraq has clearly brutalized Kuwait since the August invasion. But in this case war is *not* the proper way to oppose aggression. It establishes a precedent in which war, the supreme form of aggression, becomes the standard means for resolving international conflict.

Moreover, our government itself has supported and even carried out actions quite similar to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. If our government advocated non-aggression, it would not have ignored and later supported Iraq's 1979 invasion of Iran (a country with a human rights record similar to Kuwait's). Nor would our government have rejected economic sanctions proposed to punish Iraq for the gassing of its Kurdish population.

Given past and current U.S. foreign policy, it is difficult to believe a concern for human rights motivates our governments actions. We are more likely fighting for less noble interests in the region, and the outcome is likely to reflect that.

*"By defeating Saddam Hussein, we will promote long term stability in the Middle East."*

Operation Desert Storm actually jeopardizes long-term stability in the Middle East. It creates the conditions for a worsening Arab-Israeli conflict and might even lead to a full-fledged Arab-Israeli war; if not now, possibly later.

Desert Storm will generate political instability in the Arab world as well. It will further intensify Arab resentment of the West and leave us with an even more complicated Middle East than we confront now. Most Arabs believe that Desert Storm perpetuates Western domination of the Middle East at the expense of Arab self-determination.

Hussein's defeat at the hands of an American-led force could also transform an evil tyrant into a holy martyr. Many Arabs might rally around his memory, forging a concept of Arab self-determination that precludes productive cooperation with the West. American women and men will have fought and died only to leave a similar or even worse problem for their children to face in the future.

*"But the United States tried to settle this conflict peacefully. Hussein would not cooperate, so the only alternative was war."*

The United States never seriously pursued a negotiated settlement to the crisis. We only issued ultimatums that we knew Hussein would reject. We refused to recognize the political and economic pressures that led to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, thus foreclosing any possibilities for a nonviolent resolution.

Given the failure of negotiations, war was still not inevitable. International sanctions were effectively undermining Iraq's military and economy. Militarily, Iraq would have been without spare parts before summer. Economically, sanctions had cut Iraq's GNP in half.

Admittedly, sanctions would have taken much longer to force Hussein from Kuwait. We would have needed skillful diplomatic efforts to insure the success of sanctions. But

the advantages of avoiding war would have been worth the wait and effort.

*"Whatever the reasons for or against the war, we are at war now. We must finish the war we started."*

This ignores the possibility of a ceasefire. Several non-aligned nations have proposed ceasefire plans before the United Nations Security Council. Our government has rejected them all.

Iraq disregarded the recent ceasefire plan offered by the U.S. and the Soviet Union. This is hardly surprising, given that the plan's principle author is the same government responsible for the destructive bombing of Iraq. Obviously, any workable ceasefire plan must come from non-combatant nations.

Furthermore, if we allow the war to persist, it might spread to the entire region. The longer this war lasts, the greater the likelihood of a renewed Arab-Israeli war, possibly involving nuclear weapons and definitely involving conventional arsenals capable of destroying the entire region.

The air war has significantly reduced Saddam's ability to wage future wars of aggression. There is no credible reason to escalate this conflict into a bloody ground war. We can now more easily contain Iraq's aggression with purely defensive measures. Clearly, the most rational course is to renew efforts to resolve the conflict peacefully.

The BYU Coalition Against War in the Middle East will continue to protest the escalation of Desert Storm. We call for our government to participate in an immediate ceasefire, and resume nonviolent efforts to resolve the Gulf conflict. Δ

# THE CASE FOR WAR

By Steve Setzer

*"In order for evil to prosper, it is sufficient that good men do nothing."*

—EDMUND BURKE

ABOUT TWELVE YEARS AGO MY FRIEND'S BROTHER BRETT WAS walking home from high school when he heard a scream coming from a vacant field. Investigating, he found some men raping a girl. He fought them off, helped the girl, and later testified against the men in court.

In 1986, Douglas J. Greenlaw, a cable TV executive, was walking near Grand Central Station when he saw a mugger knock down an old woman and steal her purse. He took off after the fleet-footed mugger and chased him through the Station, finally tackling him and holding him down until police arrived. In the days that followed he was admonished by his fellow workers. "You could've been killed, you know. Think of your family!" and "You're getting too old for that stuff" were typical remarks. One night, as his wife put their son to bed, Greenlaw heard him ask,

"Mommy, we're not supposed to let bad things happen, are we?" and his wife reply "No, we're not." He felt a lot better about his actions after hearing that.

Would you say these actions were evil because they were violent? Did Brett commit sin in beating up the girl's assailants? Did Douglas Greenlaw violate his Christian standards by assaulting and tackling the young mugger?

Kuwait, late 1990. Refugees streaming out over the Saudi border bear tales of murder, robbery, rape and torture. Westerners escaping the Iraqi patrols come home, verifying the stories told by Kuwaiti exiles.

Why are we in Kuwait? As syndicated columnist Mark Patinkin put it:

*We are a people who understand it is indeed our own fight. It is a fight for something few nations in history have ever fought for—not land, or treasure, or power, not the urge to impose a religious system on others, but simply a fight for an idea. The idea of freedom...who are we? We are the nation that took a stand when it did not have to. This season, this month, this week—we were the one people who had the resolve to lead against a tyrant when no*

*one else would.* (Deseret News, 17 Jan. 1991)

It is morally wrong to let the weak be oppressed. Even if you don't have the power to stop it, not to try to do something is a sin. In this case, we have the legal and ethical right, the power, and the responsibility to liberate Kuwait by force. The US is doing the right thing by taking the war to Iraq in order to free Kuwait.

The American people support this action overwhelmingly, not because of the President's sound bites, not because of any jingoistic streak in our society, but because it is the right thing. There are serious Constitutional questions about the way the President approached this crisis that do need to be answered, but Congress supported both Desert Shield in August and Desert Storm in January.

The University's resident "intellectuals" believe the common people to be easily bamboozled by the President and the media; I believe the common people of this nation have more sense of right and wrong than the inhabitants of the Jesse Knight Ivory Tower. Morally speaking, Desert Storm is the correct action for us to take. Δ



# LE REVIEW, C'EST MOI:

## WHY STUDENT REVIEW SHOULD TAKE ETHICS SERIOUSLY

by Mike Austin

**F**OR MORE THAN TWO YEARS I CARRIED ON an extremely adversarial relationship with *Student Review*. Working in the Writing Center, where a lot of literary, socially active types hang out, I usually ran across a section editor or

production exec about once every fifteen minutes. Invariably, our conversation would go something like this:

SR Staffer: Hey, Mike, why don't you write something for the

*Review*; you'd be really good.

Mike: Go to hell, weirdo. I'd rather write for *Dog World* magazine's swimsuit issue than for your slimy rag.

And on we would go, the enthusiastic staffers always inviting me to contribute and telling me that "The *Review* is what you make it," and me always convinced that I didn't want to make it anything at all. Though they kept asking me to submit articles, they soon stopped inviting me to the staff parties.

But things change. My first three appearances came as an innocent victim of the "Eavesdropper" column, the price I paid for working with twenty-seven staffers who were all too lazy to write their own articles. Not long afterwards, I began to proofread stories that my friends were writing, and finally, the desire for fame and glamour wore me down and I decided to submit a few things of my own. For better or worse, I became part of *Student Review*.

My conversion has not been complete, however; I still don't go to any of the social activities, and I have yet to use the word "we" when talking about the *Review*. But these reservations are of little practical value. Though I can still proclaim my independence to my friends and family, the fact that my name appears on the by-lines means that I will be identified with *Student Review* in the minds of everyone who reads it. Whether I like it or not, I am part of the

*Review*.

Though I am often glad to be so identified, my association with the "other" newspaper at BYU has made me increasingly uncomfortable as questions of the *Review's* "journalistic ethics" have surfaced from several camps. This semester especially, the paper has faced critical ethical dilemmas and, in my opinion, handled them badly. My principle concern, though, is not with how the *Review* responds to questions of ethics and morality, but with the fact that the editors have not formulated any specific policy that addresses these questions before the fact. Rather than codifying, publishing, and living by a set of ethical guidelines, the *Review* staff has chosen to handle ethical questions on an *ad hoc* basis, usually waiting until a problem passes in order to decide whether or not they have acted ethically.

During the current semester, several important ethical issues have been raised in the pages of the *Review*. Some of the more important questions include:

—Should the publisher of a non-profit newspaper who also happens to have worked on a political campaign be able to use his position on the paper as a platform to carry out an extended vendetta against his former opponent?

—Should a public forum that has promised to give a man the opportunity to reply to certain charges they have brought

against him print the response and then print a point-by-point rebuttal restating the points that have already been made? (This issue can apply equally to *Student Review's* treatment of Karl Snow and the Iraqi *News Network's* treatment of George Bush.)

—Should a paper that often prints controversial opinions accept and print letters to the editor only to refute them and get in the last word? (And then, when someone writes a letter questioning the ethics of responding to letters, respond to that letter

as well?)

—Does an editor have the right to alter the content of an article so that it no longer reflects the author's views and then print the article under the original author's name?

I do not intend to propose how *Student Review* should answer these questions, but I do think it is critical that they answer them somehow, and that they do so before the problems occur. "Journalistic ethics" are not simply out there in an ideal realm waiting to be accessed by beleaguered editors and publishers in need of moral guidance—they must be created in a process of informed negotiation between the journalists and the community they serve. The ethical failure of the *Review* this semester has not been in acting unethically and violating concrete standards, but in acting a-ethically and not adopting any standards to be violated or observed.

There are two important reasons why *Student Review* should create and publish its own ethical guidelines. In the first place, self-restraint is an essential step in avoiding external censorship. Those who oppose censorship, and I count myself strongly among their numbers, frequently argue that different media should be able to establish their own policies and guidelines in accordance with their own standards and those of their audience.

I agree with this argument. However, this line of reasoning only works when the media establishes standards and lives by them. Where restraint is not self-imposed, there is an ethical void created that will usually be filled by others, either subscribers or advertisers who refuse to fund the venture, or by a congressional committee that parcels out "public morality" by the teaspoon.

The second, and for me the most important, reason why I feel the *Review* should establish an ethical code is that such guidelines would allow the rest of us to decide whether or not the *Review* fits with

our own ideals. Every year, the *Review* recruits dozens of staff members with the line, "this is your paper." Yet the important ethical decisions this semester have been made by an elite few. The rest of us, though inextricably associated with the product, have never been consulted or allowed to contribute to the process.

I am not suggesting that the *Review* open its editorial meetings to everybody and refuse to make a move without a democratic consensus. This would be impractical and counterproductive. I am suggesting, though, that critical decisions about ethics not be left unaddressed and that the *Review's* editors, after seeking the opinion of anyone involved with the *Review*, publish a set of criteria that will be used to make key decisions. Those who disagree with the guidelines could then either attempt to effect a change or decline to participate in the production of the paper.

Though the questions raised about ethics ostensibly deal with writing, they really deal with power. With 10,000 readers every week, the *Review* has both power and the opportunity to abuse it. A few weeks ago, I had a conversation about some of these issues with two senior *Review* officials. One listened politely, while the other interrupted me to state, in the fashion of a true autocrat, "It's our paper; we can do what we want." Maybe this is true. Maybe the *Review* really is nothing more than a soapbox for an elite group. But let's pretend, for the sake of argument, that the idea of it being "your paper too" is more than just self-serving propaganda. Let's pretend that it really is our paper. If this is the case, then the important ethical choices that affect anyone involved with *Student Review* must become more than last minute decisions made by the privileged few. Δ

*After a lengthy, self-imposed exile, Mike is now beginning to attend SR parties.*

# STUDENT REVIEW'S PROBLEM WITH ETHICS

by John Armstrong

**M**IKE AUSTIN IS A GOOD WRITER. I'LL BE THE FIRST TO admit it. He's so good that he had to tell us how long *Student Review* staff members had been hounding him to write something for the *Review* before he finally allowed his name to appear in a paper he considered worse than *Dog World* magazine. To Mike, being published in *Student Review* made him a part of *Student Review*, a part that, however peripheral, endowed him with special powers of ethical judgment.

Perhaps it is unfair for me to be so tongue-in-cheek about Mike's article "Le Review, C'est Moi: Why *Student Review* Should Take Ethics Seriously" (*Student Review*, November 14, 1990). He expressed some concerns about editorial decisions made last semester, concerns that I had heard expressed by several people before Mike's article came out. While I can see the legitimacy of questioning *Student Review* editors and their decision-making abilities, much of what Mike calls the *Review* on the carpet for was questionable to him because he didn't know the circumstances in which the editors were working.

Mike assumed that "the editors have not formulated any specific policy that addresses [ethical] questions before the fact." At the beginning of each semester, *Student Review* publishes a statement of its mission and values. That Mike didn't read this statement is not the editor's problem. I know Mike read this year's first issue, so why he said that the *Review* is not "codifying, publishing, and living by a set

of ethical guidelines" is beyond me. Maybe he just skipped that part. However, in an effort to appease Mike's call for some sort of ethical guidelines, Joanna Brooks included not only the mission and values of *Student Review* in her page two note on January 16, 1991, but also the list of editorial policies that address specific ethical questions that *Student Review* has confronted in the past.

It is confrontation that gives rise to ethics. However, Mike assumed in his article that matters of what does and does not offend people can always be anticipated. He says that "the *Review* staff has chosen to handle ethical questions on an *ad hoc* basis, usually waiting until a problem passes in order to decide whether or not they have acted ethically." Admittedly, the editors of *Student Review* must use hindsight to know if what they have done is ethical or not. If they see that they haven't, a policy is made. Most of the time these policies are not committed to writing, but some of them are. It is unfair of Mike to hold *Student Review* responsible for situations that it has not encountered, assuming that there is a magic booklet of journalistic ethics somewhere that *Student Review* editors can refer to and find out how their audience will respond to what they print. There is no reason to be ashamed of handling ethical questions on an *ad hoc* basis since such a magic booklet does not exist. A lot of the questions that our audience may consider ethical never even occur to the editors as being sensitive issues until they hear a response from the audience itself.

The questions that Mike raises in his article are good

examples of such issues. Mike asks, "Should the publisher of a non-profit newspaper who also happens to have worked on a political campaign be able to use his position on the paper as a platform to carry out an extended vendetta against his former opponent?" Good question. In the case of Eric Schulzke's exposé of Karl Snow's involvement with a stock felon, I say the answer is yes. The reasons are that the other local papers would not run the story. The *Provo Daily Herald* had the same information Eric did, and was going to run the story a couple of days before the Republican primary election, but after the editor was visited by Chris Cannon of Geneva Steel and Mr. Snow himself, the story was shelved. The *Herald* eventually ran the story about the same time *Student Review* did, but only in long, confusing articles that obfuscated the facts more than it illumined them. The editor of the *Deseret News* was a friend of Snow's and discounted reports that Snow had done anything wrong. The *Utah County Journal* kept up its right-wing stance and eventually ran the infamous ad that backfired on Snow, perhaps costing him the election. Knowing the circumstances, I encouraged Eric to pursue the story, fearing that it would not be told otherwise.

Another of Mike's questions is "should a paper that often prints controversial opinions accept and print letters to the

SEE ETHICS,  
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23





SR ART BY BRUNO

# REVENGE OF THE SPOTTED OWL

by Spencer Bolles

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over the whole earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

—GENESIS 1:26

**F**OR SUMMER WORK, I TOOK A JOB AS A WILDLIFE biologist technician in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest in southwest Washington state. This entailed driving at night on logging roads with a map and compass, with your partner imitating the call of the northern spotted owl. The next day we would visually locate the owl(s) we had heard the night before and feed them live mice to determine whether they were paired up or had produced young that year.

The United States Forest Service began monitoring the spotted owls habitat areas (SOHAs) in 1973, when several wildlife biologists were studying the owl, its habitat, and its dependence upon the old growth ecosystem. In 1986, Congress appropriated funds for the Forest Service to monitor all SOHAs, which consist of 2,500 acres of suitable habitat, random sample areas, each with a radius of one half mile, and all areas in which future timber sales were planned. The data gathered during the project, which ends next year, is instrumental to the Forest Service for long-term planning.

The current plan, known as the Jack Ward Thomas Report, would protect the spotted owl most efficiently while still allowing timber sales to continue at a rate of 80% of what has been done in previous years. The plan is named for the leading biologist who addressed the media and the government with the results. If implemented as planned, the Jack Ward Thomas Report would incorporate the existing SOHAs (which sometimes consist of such fragmented tracts of old growth that it's a wonder the owl survives in them at all) into larger Habitat Conservation Areas (HCAs). The HCAs account for the needs of fledged owls to disperse into the areas that surround their parents' nest.

The committee that generated the report was made up of the best wildlife biologists from the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and the Forest Service. This is the first time that these three agencies have cooperatively worked together, which says something about the importance that they attach to the protection of the spotted owl.

Shortly after the report was made in May, 1990, the Fish and Wildlife Service did what it has long been expected to do by putting the spotted owl on the list of threatened species. This gives environmentalists an edge that they have been waiting for, since a threatened or endangered species must be protected, even if it means cutting less trees. The only way to avoid the implications of the Fish and Wildlife Service's listing is for a 'God panel' to rule that protecting the owl would so adversely affect the economy that the species must be considered expendable.

A drastic reduction in timber supply will result if the Thomas plan is implemented. But at present, many ranger districts are carrying on as if the plan did not exist. They hope that the regional offices and headquarters of the Forest Service will approve their timber sale plans without consulting the report, or that they'll ignore it. Even George Bush has admitted that the plan conserves too much of the old growth and will probably not be the last word when timber sale plans are made.

The owl has become a sparkplug of conflict in the area. Every issue of *The Oregonian* featured some story about the spotted owl, or special sections only about the controversy. A rally was held by supporters of timber harvesting in Pioneer Square in downtown Portland and thousands from all over Oregon, Washington, and California attended. Lumber mills shut down for the event. A rally in support of environmentalism had been held a week before, but only a few showed up.

I began to see that the people in my ward and stake were employed by paper mills and logging companies. After the meetings I was often cornered by people who were curious about my work, but they grew somewhat hostile when they learned that I was more an environmentalist than a timber beast (as a co-worker called certain sale planners at our ranger district).

At present, the Forest Service is divided over the issue. A past employee of the Forest Service in Eugene, Oregon, publishes a small journal that actively criticizes, and even condemns, the practice of the kind of forestry the agency does. And within the agency, of course, there are many conflicting opinions about what should be done about protecting the spotted owl.

The Forest Service has bartered and auctioned off a vast amount of trees on public lands since the end of World War II. They have assumed that there is a never-ending supply, when in reality it is dwindling at drastic proportions. Many consider trees a renewable resource, which is justified, but only to the extent that the trees are replanted with consideration for the complexity of the ecosystem that they grow in. It takes hundreds of years for a forest to become fully mature, and it is at this stage of growth when the spotted owl and many other plant and animal species thrive.

There is much more at stake than a rare species of owl. The cutting of trees in watershed areas affects the quality of the drinking water of many communities in the Pacific Northwest. The National Forest lands are used for recreation that many enjoy: fishing, hiking, hunting, camping etc. Finally, if logging interests continue to cut at the rate they have, we will soon run out of the very fiber we depend on for paper, toilet paper, wood products, etc. I see these problems as a kind of prophecy, a prophecy which foretells the destruction that will occur to our own species, man, if we continue to act as unfaithful stewards of the precious earth we live on.

The owl is held up as a symbol by many. I went into bars and restaurants in logging towns where the owl was portrayed jokingly as the threat to their livelihood. In reality, however, it is the legislators and concerned interest groups who determine how much to harvest; the buyers of logs demand a certain yield of so many million board feet and the land provides.

There are many different approaches to the issue of protecting what's left of the forest. Wildlife and environmental law is taught here at BYU, and more careers exist than ever before for those who want to work in this field. Or there is the terrorism of the Earth First! movement, which believes in monkeywrenching logging trucks and spiking trees.

Some people will always want to cut down trees, while others, hopefully, will always appreciate the rich nature that we live with. Perhaps we can find a healthy medium between both, one that suits everyone. It might help to remember that when God gave man dominion over the fowls of the air, not only a power over them was implied, but a responsibility toward them as well. Let us prove ourselves worthy of our dominion. Δ

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# ACTIVISM IS STILL ALIVE AT BYU

by Joanna Brooks

**B**YU IS NOT BERKELEY. NEVER HAS been, never will be. You won't find demonstrations at the drop of a hat, an activist in every apartment, a crusade for every cause here.

No, BYU is not Berkeley. The last recorded demonstration to occur on campus was September 1, 1990 against the New Kids on the Block who were, at the time, lip-synching safely inside the Marriott Center.

Besides that notable incident, quickly dismantled by Campus Police, there have been a few peace prayers on the library steps. Anything else? A very effective recycling rally in 1989. An anti-Aryan nations protest in 1987. And a small 1986 protest against U.S. involvement in Central America. "They called us communists," said one participant. "I don't remember much else."

Though BYU students aren't known for their militancy or their protest acumen, they are not unresponsive to important world and local issues either.

"Oh, no. Activism isn't dead here," said Gena-Louise Edvalson, current president of Response club, BYU's leading student activist organization. Just home from the club's first meeting of the year, Edvalson sat somewhat exhausted after a busy day, trying to compose a letter to the Universe editor. "A hundred or so people...all new faces. That's a good sign. A lot of freshman."

"Maybe they haven't heard the stereotypes yet," laughed Matt Burnett, coordinator of the state's student Amnesty International chapters, sitting cross legged on Edvalson's living room floor.

"But the stereotypes are changing," Edvalson replied. "People are getting involved younger ... in high school. They're regular people, left and right. I mean there's no 'for' or 'against' human rights or the environment. There's no left or right to those issues. These people just want to get involved."

And that, to Edvalson, is the most important part of Response. People see a need. People gather to learn about that need. People respond to that need with time and commitment.

Response was founded in late 1983 after Noble Prize winner Betty Williams spoke to



SR ART BY DAVE BASTIAN

BYU students about her work in finding non-violent alternatives to the tragic conflicts in Northern Ireland. Williams shocked listening students into action by voicing her disappointment that no peace or human rights organization existed at BYU. Williams had hoped that students at a Christian university would feel a greater desire to ameliorate suffering in the world.

And the next week, a small group of students met to set the foundation for Response. Within the semester, the group was organized and active. That first year, the group invited speakers to campus to discuss peace camps at Greenham Common missile base, Pax Christi, and Grenada. They planned ways to get involved with local refugee aid programs and international political prisoner campaigns. They supported the Solidarity movement and they held their first Peace Symposium.

Response has held a peace symposium in the spring of each year since. "Foodstock"—a Response sponsored dance with an admission price of two canned foods—has become a favorite part of that symposium. The club has sponsored rallies and petitions

against nuclear testing and sent club members to Nevada to demonstrate at test sites.

Bi-monthly, speakers address local and world problems at club meetings. Issues of concern this year include Native Americans, South Africa, human rights, prejudice, and peaceful alternatives to conflict. "We think it's important to have a forum where we can ask hard questions and consider different ideas. Through discussing different issues, we are better able to decide our position on those issues, and when we know our position, we are ready to act," explained Edvalson.

In order to accommodate a wide range of issues and allow members to specialize in a certain area of concern, Response has fostered two offshoot organizations. Eco-Response, headed by James Ott, addresses environmental concerns and plans environmental oriented service projects within Utah Valley. Voice, the BYU Committee to Promote the Status of Women, began this fall. Headed by Kristin Rushforth, the group discusses gender issues during weekly meetings. Whatever the issue, action

is the main focus of Response. Believing that it is more important to work towards solutions of local problems than just muse over world dilemmas, Response translates words into service hours.

"We'll have a speaker about homelessness," said Edvalson, "and then we'll tell everyone how to get involved with the Food and Shelter Coalition in the valley. People always say, 'I don't know how to help.' We tell them how and where."

Most recently, Response members participated in the CROP walk on September 29. The 10K walk, based in Springville, raised money to combat hunger. Twenty-five percent of that money will stay in Utah to provide food and shelter for those in need. The rest will go to sponsor agriculture and education projects throughout the world.

Other projects planned include work with the English as a Second Language (ESL) program in conjunction with Students for International Development. This will not be the first time Response has coalesced with another on-campus activist group to address a community concern.

In 1987, Response, College Democrats, and people from all over the valley joined in a rally against the Aryan Nations. At the time, the neo-Nazi group was discussing moving from its Idaho headquarters into Utah. Knowing of the violence and hatred that followed the Aryan Nations, College Democrats contacted students and student organizations throughout the valley and the state to protest against the group's philosophies and methods.

"We had people at the U of U, Weber State, liberals, conservatives, everyone. And it started at BYU. BYU students, despite the overall appearance of conservative self-interested complacency, can recognize problems and act to solve them," Edvalson said.

"The Aryan Nations is gone, but we still need to address racial equality. The main problem with apathy is that we care about huge, publicized national issues, but when it's out of the news, it doesn't get talked about," Edvalson continued.

"It's important to focus on the non-popular issues as well. No one cares about hunger in Utah Valley. Except for those of us in the valley, that is. We are the ones that have to respond to it. We have to act." Δ

## PROTEST POLICY

**T**HE FOLLOWING IS THE TEXT OF A statement Ernest L. Wilkinson, then President of Brigham Young University, made on May 15, 1970. Ten days before this statement was issued, college campuses across America erupted in response to the Kent State incident. One week after the statement, the Daily Universe reported that five petitions, including four regarding the Vietnam War, were circulating.

"I have been asked why the administration of Brigham Young University has urged that a campaign of political petitions not be pursued on this campus at the present time.

"Since this matter has received an extraordinary amount of attention in the

last day or so, I would like to share with you our thinking concerning such petitions.

"We note, for instance, that a special committee appointed by the American Council on Education has just completed a seven month study of the causes of campus unrest and has come to the conclusion that 'efforts to politicize the campus can bring on a backlash that may restrict the higher education community's spirit of free inquiry.'

"We share this concern. Since Brigham Young University is sponsored by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and is directly responsible to it, we are reluctant to be an official part of any political expression.

"Further, with final examinations now upon us, this is a particularly inappropriate

time for students to dissipate their energies on other matters, especially when the subject matter has to do with our military operations in Cambodia as to which the ultimate facts are known only to the President as Commander-in-Chief and to a lesser extent to members of Congress. If students really want to learn about these issues, they can do so more in depth by a careful study of political science courses than they can ever learn by demonstrations or petitions, which are often founded on passions and prejudices and represent the aggressiveness of those leading the demonstrations or circulating the petitions.

"In this setting, it is inappropriate that the University appear to be the agency for such activity. Consequently, sign-up tables in campus buildings are not to be used for

political petitions.

"However, students, as citizens, are completely free to support any political position they choose and the right of petition is not in question. Individual students may therefore circulate petitions on campus which do not violate the fundamental objectives of BYU. To insure this, all petitions are to be submitted to the Dean of Students' office for approval before they are circulated.

"We trust BYU students will be responsive to the highest ideals of Christian behavior at a time when emotional militancy has replaced reason at too many universities in our nation and that they will preserve the reputation and integrity of this university as a seat of learning where law and order are observed." Δ





SR ART BY JIMMY DELAPP

# THE OUELESSEBOUGOU ALLIANCE

Liz Valentiner and Sarah Hale

IF YOU ARE A BULLETIN BOARD GAZER, OR IF YOU SIMPLY HAVE activist friends, you may have heard of the Ouelessebouougou Alliance. If you fit the first description you probably only attempted the pronunciation of this monstrous title—"Ool-Oa-What-ga?" before strange looks from your friends and pressing classes put it out of your mind. If you fit in the second category and your activist friends happen to have one of those funky 5K T-shirts, your exposure to this enigmatic organization was probably no less enlightening. Well, you need wonder no longer.

The Ouelessebouougou Alliance (pronounced "Wall-less-a-bowgoo") is Utah's first charity for Africa. The word "Alliance" represents the idea that the greater Wasatch front region will act as a 'sister community' to a region in Africa. It was founded in 1985 by a handful of doctors and businessman of Salt Lake City who were inspired by the national concern over the famine in Africa. Though they admired the efforts of Band-aid and other Aid campaigns, the Alliance founders were afraid that those efforts did not achieve the long-term solutions to Africa's real problems.

Thus, the Alliance's primary goal has become the search for permanent solutions to African poverty. The Alliance looked for a community that was receptive and had a desire

to pull itself out of poverty. After searching for almost a year, the Alliance finally chose a region called Ouelessebouougou, which consisted of 72 villages, with around 34,000 people, in the southern tip of Mali, West Africa. They chose Ouelessebouougou because Mali is one of the poorest countries in the world, and ranked third for human suffering by the Population Crises Committee.

In Mali, the infant mortality rate is over 140 deaths for every 1,000 births. Most children die from measles, malaria, dehydration and diarrhea, all easily curable diseases. The most serious threat to life in Mali is the enormous lack of water; women sometimes spend up to eight hours a day collecting the water needed for cooking and drinking. Whatever water is left, if any, can be used to grow crops.

In these past six years the Ouelessebouougou Alliance has had remarkable success. They have constructed 30 wells, completed 7 garden projects and earned money to supply steel plows and oxen. In addition they have completed and supplied a medical facility started years before by the native population. This surgery/health center is staffed by Malian doctors and salaried by the Alliance.

In addition, a program has been set up to teach at least one of the women from each village more efficient ways to cook and farm. These women are also trained in personal hygiene

and simple medical practices to prevent common diseases.

The unique thing about the Alliance is that it is a volunteer organization, made up of doctors and business men who are not economically dependent on the program. They donate all of their time, expertise, and traveling expenses so that 80% of the funds are able to go directly to Africa. In fact, there are only five paid employees—one in Utah and four natives in Mali.

The Malian government itself has been very supportive and even complimentary of the program. They recently sent a group to observe the operation. Government officials who visited the Ouelessebouougou region observed that it was the Alliance that was doing things to help the people, not the large and well-known charitable organizations.

But even with the Alliance's success, there is still much more to be done. The BYU Student Coalition of the Ouelessebouougou Alliance is happy to welcome anyone who would like to get involved. Our biggest concern is increasing awareness of the program and raising funds. There are also opportunities for students to join the expeditions to Mali and assist in the programs on location. Ouelessebouougou is a third-world success story but it only happened when people cared enough to help. Δ

# WOMEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD

by Diana Hind

WOMEN OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS Christ of Latter-day Saints are not fulfilling the potential of their spirituality. On face value, people agree that women and men are equal, at least spiritually and intellectually. But no one can tell me that the patriarchy of the Church does not overshadow women, imposing on them a seemingly weak position. Who has more authoritative power in the Church? The men. Why? They hold the priesthood. As the years have progressed since the beginning of the restoration, the importance and even spiritual abilities of LDS women have been undermined. This constitutes more than merely an unfortunate loss for individual women. The reversal of this trend of disempowerment would be a boon not just to women, but to the Mormon community as a whole.

Women in the Church are consistently reminded that motherhood vibrates on the same place as the priesthood. I would like to say I agree and that's the end, but something gnaws at me. It hits me where I feel most vulnerable: my sense of worth. I only feel vulnerable in that area because of a nasty western paradigm (which I loathe to say I am subject to) that portrays mothers who "only stay home and take care of the kids" as mousy and subservient to their husbands. Thus I have a hard time accepting that men have all the visible authority in the Church. I feel cheated by such male domination. Knowing that female aspects of the Gospel

exist—such as belief in a Heavenly Mother—comforts me to a degree. But I am disheartened that so little is known in that area. I often wonder why we as Mormons have received such scant information; and I wonder what it is we are missing. Linda P. Wilcox writes concerning these sentiments:

## ANOTHER PRAYER

Why are you silent, Mother? How can I Become a goddess when the patterns here Are those of gods? I struggle, and I try To mold my womanhood to something near Their goodness. I need you, who gave me birth

In your own image, to reveal your ways: A rich example of the daughters' worth; Pillar of Womanhood to guide my night When I am lost. My brothers question me. And wonder why I seek this added light. No one can answer all my pain but Thee, Ordain me to my womanhood, and share The light that Queens and Priestesses must bear.

It may well be that motherhood and the priesthood are equal, though different: Here lies the same concept of their equality but essential differences of women and men. Priesthood and motherhood invest a symmetry of power in men and women. The powers have equal force. Drastically, women have forgotten what divine strength they are capable of. I would like to dig up the nearly suffocated power of healing as it can be used by women. Perhaps some will be amazed to

learn that women can give blessings on the sick. We can place our hands on a child's head and even invoke the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Women do not have consecrated oil, and we do not hold the priesthood authority. But the power of motherhood is as effective as the priesthood in healing the sick. Betina Lindsey writes that this gift of healing is given upon condition of faith, irrespective of gender. It is a potent gift, and it is given to any who merit it.

In the beginning blossoming years of the Church, women felt comfortable with their healing power. Lucy Young, a wife of Brigham, utilized her gift of giving to the fullest. A college of hers in the St. George temple wrote in 1893, "When her hands are upon the head of another in blessing, the words of inspiration and personal prophecy that flow from her lips are like a stream of living fire." Women were ordained and set apart by Joseph Smith to administer to that sick. It seems appropriate now to recall Alma 32:22-23, "God is merciful unto all who believe on his name; therefore he desireth, in the first place, that ye should believe, yea, even on his word. And now, he imparteth his word by angels unto men, yea, not only men but women also. Now this is not all; little children do have words given unto them many times, which confound the wise and the learned." This tells me that any faithful person can receive revelatory words for blessings.

Healing power does not come to every priesthood holder just because he has been

ordained. The priesthood serves as a conduit for the healing power, provided the man using it has the proper faith. The same power and conditions lie within motherhood. (It is imperative to note that motherhood makes up a part of womanhood, whether or not the woman actually has a child.) Women no longer seek after the gift of healer, but we should. Doing so would stir up and perhaps even wash away our stagnation of feeling less worthy, spiritual or able than the men we love. The priesthood symbolized power, but so does motherhood; and women need to realize that and manifest it.

The patriarchy of the Church tends to intimidate and suppress women by the obvious presence of this power. This crippling effect on women results from the sexual discrimination of our society that has been a norm for such a long time. Hugh Nibley tells us that in the Garden of Eden, patriarchy and matriarchy were absolutely equal. They "supervised" each other. That is how it should be now, ideally. If women recognize their equality of power and spirituality to their male counterparts in the Church, they will increase their own faith and others' faith in them dramatically. The spiritual autonomy of more than half (the church) members would increase. The time has come—and it has been long in coming—for women to grasp onto the powers they can have through faith; to live and work together with, not below, their male counterparts. Δ



# STANDARDS: ONE SIDE

**U**NIVERSITY STANDARDS RECENTLY invited the Student Review to submit questions about how Standards operates. The responses to those questions, written by Norma Rohde, Director of University Standards, appear below.

**Student Review:** Specifically, what is the goal or the role of Standards at BYU? Is the nature of your role more church-oriented, discipline-oriented, or counseling-oriented?

**University Standards:** The goal of University Standards at BYU is to help students live in harmony with their commitments to the BYU Code of Honor. The mission of University Standards is two-fold: 1) to assist all students to live the principles of the Code and 2) to work with those students who are in violation of the Code. In decision making the staff takes into consideration the welfare of the student and the university community. Counseling and evaluation services are used where appropriate for the benefit of the student.

**SR:** Do you employ "spies"? Are certain people singled out and followed?

**US:** No! There are four professional staff members employed by University Standards. Standards has never made use of "spies" and has ever singled out people and/or followed then and never would.

**SR:** How do you get most of your referrals?

**US:** Referrals come from a variety of sources such as: university employees including University Police and on-campus housing, off-campus managers as well as other members of the community, students, and self referrals.

**SR:** Do you keep files on people? For example, could I have been reported and not know about it?

**US:** Files are kept on students when University Standards takes some type of official action. These files are not permanent and are eventually destroyed. Files are not kept where there has been no official action. We do not have files without the student knowing. Students are invited in when we

receive a referral and given the information contained in the referral.

**SR:** Do you "share" information with bishops? Do bishops "share" information with you? Isn't this against University and Church policy?

**US:** The relationship between University Standards and the Ecclesiastical officers is one of cooperation and independence. University Standards requests written permission from students to allow communication with ecclesiastical authorities and urges students to speak with their bishops (or other church officials in those instances when students are of another faith) whenever there has been a serious violation of the Honor Code. Ecclesiastical officers on occasion share non-confidential information or other information with the permission of the student. This provides for communication between University Standards and Church officials while protecting student confidentiality.

**SR:** What goes on during "sessions" at Standards? What kinds of questions do you ask and why? Are sessions taped?

**US:** A University Standards interview is 1) to give students the information contained in the referral and 2) to allow students an opportunity to share whatever they would like the University Standards counselors to know in making decision in their case. If a student acknowledges the occurrence, he or she is asked to describe what happened as accurately as possible. At that point the University Standards counselor determines whether more information needs to be gathered, whether the allegation is unfounded, or if an offense has occurred. If the University Standard's counselor believes an offense has occurred, a decision is made focusing on helping the student change inappropriate behavior. The intent is to help students understand how they became involved in such situations and how to prevent such behavior in the future. Sessions are never taped by University Standards.

**SR:** Are there written policies governing Standards operations? If so, who writes the policies?

**US:** University Standards decisions are

based on written policies; often they are established by the First Presidency, the Board of Trustees, and the Church Educational System. Written guidelines are typically developed by the staff of University Standards and must be approved at least at the level of the Vice President of student Life and even the President's Council. University Standards is at a recommending level, not a policy making level.

**SR:** Many of the Standards counselors have psychology degrees. Are they hired to psychoanalyze people or is their degree just a coincidence?

**US:** All of the professional personnel working in University Standards have degrees in counseling and/or psychology. The reason is neither to psychoanalyze people nor is it a coincidence. The University Standards staff work with a wide variety of very serious human behaviors. The goal of the University is to help these individuals while at the same time protecting others in the university community. The employees were purposefully selected because of their psychological training, their ability to relate to students, as well as other personal characteristics.

**SR:** Do you ever try to obtain additional information from those you call in for sessions?

**US:** When students have been involved in serious Honor code violations which also involves others, students are asked to provide the university with whatever information would be helpful in preventing other similar incidents and which would allow other individuals to receive the help necessary to deter further misbehavior and get their lives back on track. If a student does not wish to give this additional information, he/she is not required to do so.

**SR:** What is your relationship with the Provo/Orem police? Do you communicate or accept referrals from the police?

**US:** All police information comes through University Police. Public information concerning persons charged in criminal courts is available to the university just as it is available to the public at large.

**SR:** What problems do you mainly deal with? Morality? Drugs? Do you call people in for dress and grooming violations?

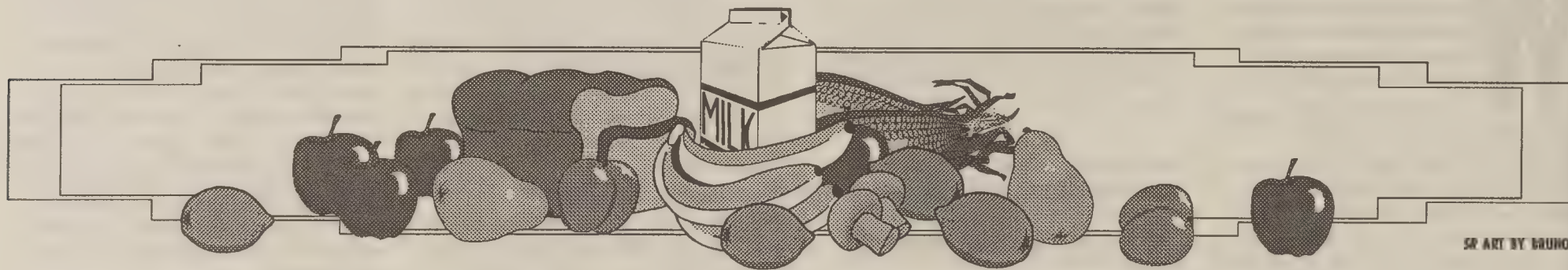
**US:** University Standards mainly handles serious problems such as shoplifting and other more serious forms of theft, moral and ethical issues including violations of the housing visitation policy, alcohol, and other Word of Wisdom problems. Dress and grooming issues must be resolved as a result of a team effort of the entire university community. Our office is rarely involved in dress and grooming matters. Referrals in this area primarily come after another member of the University family has tried unsuccessfully to resolve the problem.

**SR:** How do you deal with homosexuals? Do you leave them alone if they remain chaste in spite of their tendencies? Do you have "gay-baiters" around campus?

**US:** The answer to your last question is, no! University Standards employees have no gay-baiters. They never have and never will. All students living moral lives and not encouraging others to live a lifestyle which is contradictory to the teachings of the LDS Church, need not be concerned about our office.

**SR:** To what do you attribute the negative image of Standards among students? What have you done/do or plan on doing to create more openness and less fear and anger?

**US:** The negative attitude seems to have come from false rumors combined with insufficient communication as to the mission of the University Standards and how it operates. Considering the nature of the office and its charge, even with excellent communication, some will disagree with its decisions and approaches. The people who do agree and who have a meaningful experience with the office seldom, if ever, express that experience publicly. With regard to creating more openness, we plan to be available to the press or to any member of the university family to clarify and express our position. It is, however, important to understand that we have a moral as well as a legal obligation to protect a student's right to privacy and confidentiality. In this regard, there will always be information relating to specific cases or experiences that cannot be shared publicly. Δ



## FAST FOR FOOD

by Guenevere Nelson

**M**Y DAD IS MY FAVORITE SOURCE FOR QUOTATIONS AND cliches. I don't even have to ask. The most oft repeated quote when I asked for money was "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach him to fish and you feed him for a lifetime." And I never got the cash. But unlike my father, the LDS Church has backed that idea with financial support from the hunger fast for third world countries.

Maybe you remember the fast of 1985. I do. It's hard for

me to forget any deprivation of food, however small. The First Presidency asked member in the United States and Canada to fast an extra Sunday. The 1988 August *Ensign* stated the funds would be "dedicated for the use of victims of famine and ... hunger and privation." Eleven million dollars were raised and funnelled through other relief agencies to help the third world poor.

The money was used in Ethiopia, Ghana, Chad, Niger and other pestilence stricken countries. It was used for projects that would enhance long term self-reliance, like water and

agriculture development. Projects in Bolivia included training and education as well. The funds that the Church donated were not used for shiploads of food that rotted in docks. They are still being used, along with the native work force to develop resources to help the land.

The fund is still open. On tithing slips, if you feel like donating to the World Relief Fund, just write that in the "other" space. Here's to teaching men and women how to fish. Δ



# STANDARDS: THE OTHER SIDE

by Joanna Brooks

SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG AT STANDARDS. ASK around. Everyone has a Standards' horror story or has a friend who has a horror story. Below we have printed accounts of nightmare Standards run-ins. These are not rumors; these are personal accounts of the other side of the story.

If these stories are accurate, then Standards regularly violates its own policies. They make regular contacts with bishops. They engage in unnecessary psychoanalysis. They take advantage of the closed doors/closed mouths tradition. They abuse a position of authority, mistaking their own philosophies for "what is in the best interest of the students."

And if something has gone wrong at Standards, something needs to be done about it. As part of our investigation, we are attempting to compile a volume of such Standards horror stories to present to Student Life officials with the hopes of instigating investigation or reform in the Standards offices on the third floor of the Kimball Tower. If something happened to you at Standards that seems wrong, write it down, sign it, and send it to the Student Review, PO Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602. All reports will be verified with the author by phone by a *Review* staff member. Verified reports, with the name removed but on file at the *Review*, will be forwarded to R.J. Snow, vice-president of Student Life.

One student was called in and counseled about her hairstyle and mode of dress.

"I was told that I looked like an atheist and a white supremacist. I was told that I was being watched.

"They offered to buy me a new wardrobe if I would wear it. I was told, 'We aren't asking a lot, we just want you to conform and be like everyone else.'

"Every time I was called to Standards, I was called to see the bishop. He always said, 'I understand you've been called to Standards.'

"I always understood that this was 'God's university.' Each time I went to Standards I was told how awful I was and reduced to tears. I didn't feel any love at all. I really don't think Heavenly Father would handle it that way."

"My girlfriend and I were sitting in my car one night behind the stadium with the windows rolled down. Talking.

"All of the sudden, we were surrounded by four University Police cars. They pulled me out of the car, frisked me, and questioned each of us individually for 15 minutes. They tried to get her to admit that I was going to rape her. I wasn't. We weren't even kissing. She told them that. Our stories matched. She and I both insisted that no date rape was committed.

"The police contacted Standards who contacted my bishop. One day, out of the blue, he called me in and said, 'I got a call from Standards that you were under suspicion for rape and that I needed to see you. Is there something we should discuss?'

"Standards never even bothered to talk to me, they just passed on the unfounded accusation to my bishop."

"One of my friends was engaged to a gay man. I was a little concerned, so I talked to my friend and to her fiancé. He got quite defensive about the matter and thought that I was going to report him to Standards. I never did.

"But he went to Standards first. And they came looking for me. My first session with Standards lasted two hours. 'You know why we've called you in,' they began. I didn't know why. They started asking me questions about my friend's fiancé and about other gay men on campus. 'Do you know a Jeff? A John?' they asked. I refused to cooperate and told them so. They said, 'Your father is a pillar of our community, a leader of the alumni association. What would he want you to do?' They had researched me. I told them I would not help them and that I did not agree with their methods. They said, 'Sister —' (it was always Sister), if you do not help us we are going to have to

take action.' I demanded to know what action was going to be taken, what rights I had, and what code I had violated.

"Later they called my bishop without my permission and advised him that 'a sister in his ward needed some help making an important decision.' He called me in and encouraged me to go a long with Standards' requests.

"I did go in again, but I refused to answer. I told them that this was harassment and that I had done nothing wrong. My counselor smiled and said, 'Well, our attention has turned from the previous problem to you. We may have to put action into effect. Will you come in and see us in a week?' I told her I would not. 'Then will you have lunch with us, dear?' I would not do that either.

"My hair is a little longer than it should be. They took away my I.D. because of it and I was called into Standards. I asked about combing my hair back over my ears in a bob. My counselor said, 'Why do you want long hair?' I told him that I liked it longer. He said, 'No, I think there is a reason behind this.' He had my record in front of him. 'You're involved in Honors, I see. I think you're doing this to make a statement that you're an intellectual. All of you Honors students think you're above the rules. That's that prideful intellectualism that the scriptures are against and you are contrary to the spirit of our mission here ... just like in New York, the people with long hair, the intellectuals are in that great and spacious building and you're right there with them.'

"I thought that was a little excessive. Then he asked me about my family. 'Are you doing this to get back at your father? How is your relationship with your father?' I chuckled and was kind of offended that he said that about my family. When I laughed, he got really defensive and said, 'You think you're better than me.' At the end of the session, he said, 'I can see you're a really good guy and your testimony is there, but you just need to get back on the right track.'

A new bishop was called to our ward one winter semester and we knew that some girls in our ward (who did not like us) told him some untrue things about us. We found out about the extent of the accusations a few months later when we were back visiting during the summer. My bishop pulled me into his office and accused me of sleeping around 'with people in Salt Lake,' drug running, and throwing drinking parties. None of this was true and I denied it vehemently, but he threatened to pull my endorsement.

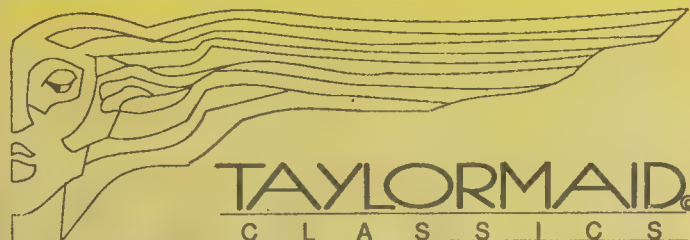
"In January of the next year, Standards called and recited the full list of accusations to me—drug running, immorality, and all. They told me I was going to be kicked out of school and that I needed to come see them. They counseled me, and I again denied the accusations. They pulled in another roommate to try to get her to confess against me. They told her that I was unstable, I needed a psychologist. They said that they knew I was lying because I was so 'dramatic.' And then they accused her of all the same things, and she denied them also.

"That Standards counselor made our life hell. He sent notices to three professors that I was being seen by Standards. He continually called us into sessions. He asked me if I had a bad relationship with my father and he asked my roommate if she had been sexually abused as a child. He threatened to kick us out of school again and again.

"And then we called in our parents and some friends we had at the university. Standards finally dropped all charges and the counselor apologized, still denying that he ever threatened to kick us out.

"We spoke to our bishop, and he said that although he had sent in a negative recommendation during the summer, he sent another follow-up rescinding his original negative recommendation.

"It was a huge mix-up. And I lost a lot of faith in the school."△



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 <p><b>PYGMALION</b></p> <p>May 14-30</p>	<p><b>BYU's 1991-92 Theatre Season</b></p> <p>New Shows, New Stars, New Excitement...</p>			 <p><b>TALLEY'S FOLLY</b></p> <p>July 23-August 8</p>
 <p><b>BROADWAY IN CONCERT</b></p> <p>October 3-19</p>	 <p><b>The Ascent of Lulu McPherson</b></p> <p>November 21-December 7</p>	 <p><b>CROSSING DELANCEY</b></p> <p>January 30-February 15</p>	 <p><b>an Enemy of the People</b></p> <p>March 19-April 3</p>	 <p><b>THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH</b></p> <p>May 7-23</p>

**Don't Miss Out, Order Your Tickets Today!**

## PARDOE SEASON SCHEDULE

Day	Time	DRIVING MISS DAISY	TWELFTH NIGHT	PAPA MARRIED A MORMON	GUYS AND DOLLS	HUEBNER	PYGMALION	TALLEY'S FOLLY
1st Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 19	Nov. 14	Jan. 16	Feb. 20	Mar. 26	May 14	July 23
1st Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 20	Nov. 15	Jan. 17	Feb. 21	Mar. 27	May 15	July 24
1st Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 21	Nov. 16	Jan. 18	Feb. 22	Mar. 28	May 16	July 25
1st Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 24	Nov. 19	Jan. 21	Feb. 25	Mar. 31	May 19	July 28
1st Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 25	Nov. 20	Jan. 22	Feb. 19/26	Apr. 1	May 20	July 29
2nd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 26	Nov. 21	Jan. 23	Feb. 27	Apr. 2	May 21	July 30
2nd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 27	Nov. 22	Jan. 24	Feb. 28	Apr. 3	May 22	July 31
2nd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Sep. 28	Nov. 23	Jan. 25	Feb. 29	Apr. 4*	May 23	Aug. 1
2nd Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 1	Nov. 26	Jan. 28	Feb. 25	Apr. 7	May 26	Aug. 4
2nd Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 2	Nov. 27	Jan. 29	Feb. 19/26	Apr. 8	May 27	Aug. 5
3rd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 3	Nov. 28	Jan. 30	Feb. 20/27	Apr. 9	May 28	Aug. 6
3rd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 4	Nov. 29	Jan. 31	Feb. 21/28	Apr. 10	May 29	Aug. 7
3rd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 5*	Nov. 30	Feb. 1	Feb. 22/29	Apr. 11	May 30	Aug. 8
Mon. Mat.	4:00 p.m.	Sep. 30	Nov. 25	Jan. 27	Feb. 24	Apr. 6	May 25	Aug. 3

\* These performances will begin at 8:30 p.m.  
Guys and Dolls will be performed in the de Jong Concert Hall. If you pick a night with two performances shown, you will be randomly given tickets to one of the two performances.

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## MARGETTS SEASON SCHEDULE

Day	Time	BROADWAY IN CONCERT	THE ASCENT OF LULU MCPHERSON	CROSSING DELANCEY	AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE	THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
1st Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 3	Nov. 21	Jan. 30	Mar. 19	May 7
1st Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 4	Nov. 22	Jan. 31	Mar. 20	May 8
1st Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 5*	Nov. 23	Feb. 1	Mar. 21	May 9
1st Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 8	Nov. 26	Feb. 4	Mar. 24	May 12
1st Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 9	Nov. 27	Feb. 5	Mar. 25	May 13
2nd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	Feb. 6	Mar. 26	May 14
2nd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 11	Nov. 29	Feb. 7	Mar. 27	May 15
2nd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 12	Nov. 30	Feb. 8	Mar. 28	May 16
2nd Tue.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 15	Dec. 3	Feb. 11	Mar. 31	May 19
2nd Wed.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 16	Dec. 4	Feb. 12	Apr. 1	May 20
3rd Thu.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 17	Dec. 5	Feb. 13	Apr. 2	May 21
3rd Fri.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 18	Dec. 6	Feb. 14	Apr. 3	May 22
3rd Sat.	7:30 p.m.	Oct. 19	Dec. 7	Feb. 15	Apr. 4*	May 23
Mon. Mat.	4:00 p.m.	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	Feb. 10	Mar. 30	May 18

\* These performances will begin at 8:30 p.m.

## Pardoe Season Order Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

TYPE OF SEASON BOOK:	NUMBER OF BOOKS	AMOUNT
General Public	@ \$45.00	\$ _____
BYU Alumni with ID Card	@ \$42.00	\$ _____
Senior Citizen (60 and over)	@ \$38.00	\$ _____
Faculty, Staff, Student, Child (6-18 years)	@ \$35.00	\$ _____
Handling Fee (Please Add \$2.00)		\$ 2.00
<input type="checkbox"/> New Season Ticket Holder		
<input type="checkbox"/> Renewal from last year (nights as indicated below)		
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>\$ _____</b>

DEADLINE FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS IS SEP. 13, 1991

DEADLINE FOR RENEWING SEASON TICKETS IS AUG. 30, 1991

DAY OF THE WEEK REQUESTED:

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Thursday* | <input type="checkbox"/> First Friday     | <input type="checkbox"/> First Saturday  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Friday    | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Third Thursday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Friday     | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Saturday  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Tuesday   | <input type="checkbox"/> First Wednesday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Monday Matinee  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Tuesday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Wednesday |  |

\* First, Second, and Third refer to the play run, not the month (see schedule dates)

PAYMENT IS:

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check # \_\_\_\_\_ (make separate checks if ordering Arena also)  
☐ Visa/MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature (for credit-card orders) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Payroll Deduction (BYU faculty and staff only) - SSN \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ Ad. Staff

## Margetts Season Order Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

TYPE OF SEASON BOOK:	NUMBER OF BOOKS	AMOUNT
General Public	@ \$29.00	\$ _____
BYU Alumni with ID Card	@ \$28.00	\$ _____
Senior Citizen (60 and over)	@ \$26.00	\$ _____
Faculty, Staff, Student, Child (6-18 years)	@ \$25.00	\$ _____
Handling Fee (Please Add \$2.00)		\$ 2.00
<input type="checkbox"/> New Season Ticket Holder		
<input type="checkbox"/> Renewal from last year (nights as indicated below)		
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>\$ _____</b>

DEADLINE FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS IS SEP. 25, 1991

DEADLINE FOR RENEWING SEASON TICKETS IS SEP. 20, 1991

DAY OF THE WEEK REQUESTED:

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Thursday* | <input type="checkbox"/> First Friday     | <input type="checkbox"/> First Saturday  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Thursday | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Friday    | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Saturday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Third Thursday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Friday     | <input type="checkbox"/> Third Saturday  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Tuesday   | <input type="checkbox"/> First Wednesday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Monday Matinee  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Second Tuesday  | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Wednesday |  |

\* First, Second, and Third refer to the play run, not the month (see schedule dates)

PAYMENT IS:

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check # \_\_\_\_\_ (make separate checks if ordering Pardoe also)  
☐ Visa/MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature (for credit-card orders) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Payroll Deduction (BYU faculty and staff only) - SSN \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ Ad. Staff

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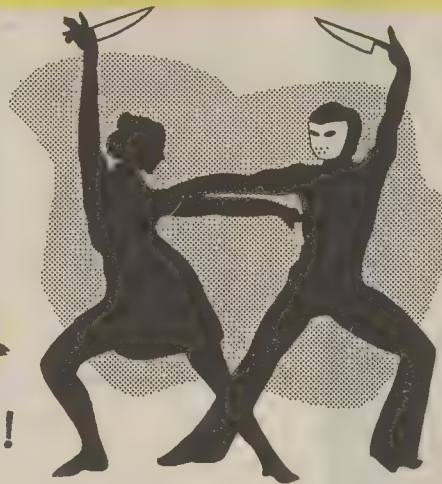
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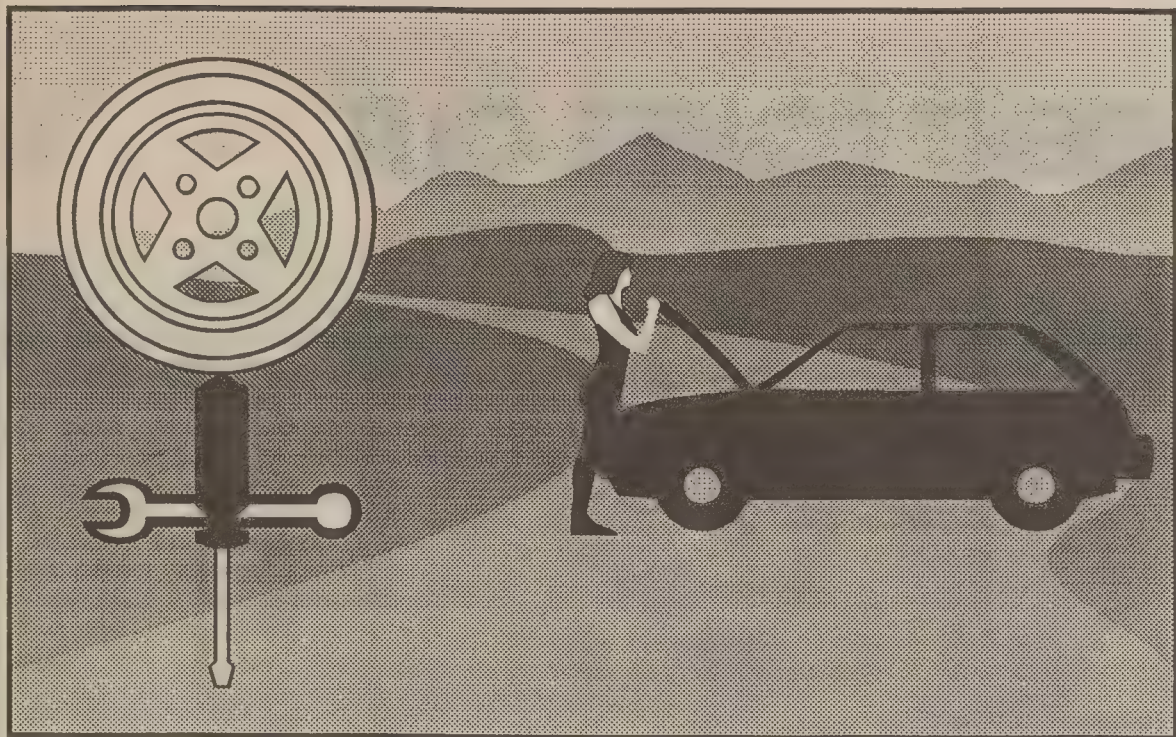
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SR ART BY DAVE EASTMAN

# CAR PARTS AND WOMEN'S RIGHTS

by Jennifer Constantine

**S**URE, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WOMEN DIDN'T know what was under the hood of their car, but those days are gone. Not that all women know where the alternator or the catalytic converter on their car is, but for every female who doesn't know, there is also a man who doesn't know either.

It's been made obvious to me that this news hasn't reached car parts dealers yet. I am a frequenter of these establishments, thanks to a car that constantly breaks down. In the past several months, I have been annoyed by the treatment I've received from the men that work at these places.

While buying a water pump at "car parts dealer #1," I was asked if I knew the make and model of my car. Before I could answer, the employee proceeded to explain to me what he meant by model. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that most people know their car model without it being explained to them. I thought I was treated that way because I was a woman. It was just a theory that I later tested.

Another time I was looking for a gas cap. The man helping me at "car parts dealer #2" allowed me to take one outside to see if it would fit. When I returned and told him that it didn't, he then went to try it for himself.

These are only two examples of how I have been

treated in establishments like these. Not only do I feel that I was condescended to because I'm female, but I was not treated with the courtesy that customers in any store should expect.

In discussing this topic with men, I have heard the comment that employees of car parts warehouses treat all customers like this, male or female. I tested this by taking a guy back to the same shops. At #1, I went in with him. Although we were asking about a part for my car, the employee directed nearly all his comments to my friend, even when I had asked the question. I couldn't believe it. I didn't exist as far as he was concerned.

Next, I sent my friend into #2. He went in by himself this time. The same man helped him who had helped me. Because they didn't carry the gas cap that fits my car, once again it didn't work. The employee that hadn't believed me accepted this without question.

So, I'm still annoyed. I know as much about what is under the hood of my car as do many of my male friends, and more than some. But they are automatically treated as if they know more. I'm not saying that I'm a mechanic or even anything close, but I know where the alternator and the water pump are and what they do. I only wish that mechanics wouldn't assume that I know nothing. Δ

## ETHICS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

editor only to refute them and get in the last word?" I ran responses to letters twice last year, one in response to a letter criticizing Matthew Stannard's article on school prayer, and one in response to a letter criticizing me as editor for allowing Matt to respond. I allowed Matt to respond to the first letter simply because the author of the letter missed the main point of Matt's article, that it is wrong for someone to say a prayer that is supposed to be representational of a group of people when the individuals in that group are not of the same religion. When the letter criticizing Matt's response came, I clarified my stance that critical letters may be replied to by the authors concerned.

Since then I have changed my opinion on the issue because of feedback from inside and outside the Review staff, and a policy has been formed which reads: "The editor should use discretion in

replying to letters from readers, especially if the response is printed alongside the letter. Such responses are usually necessary only when the letter misrepresents information given in Student Review or the letter directly requests a response."

In the case of the first letter, it can be argued that it did not represent the information given, and in the case of the second, I maintain that the writer implicitly requested a clarification of policy. However, were I to make those decisions again, I would not have responded to either letter; I didn't know how sensitive an issue this was to some of our readership.

At the close of his article, Mike characterized the editors of Student Review as an elite group who use the paper as their soap box. One of the editors had told him, "It's our paper; we can do what we want." While this statement may sound self-promoting, it is true that those

involved with the Review make it what they want it to be. Were this not the case, there would be no Student Review. This is not a crass as it sounds. We at Student Review welcome participation in the forum that we provide by anyone in the campus community. But were we to rely solely on the initiative of the community for producing the paper's content, we would be lucky to have a paper every six months instead of every week.

Student Review's problem with ethics is not that we are actively avoiding the sensitivities of the community, but that we are sometimes unaware of what those sensitivities are. Keep us informed. We do not want our readers to be alienated by what we print. If you see something you don't like, write the editor or attend our weekly open meetings. We rely heavily on you to keep us true to our mission and values. Δ

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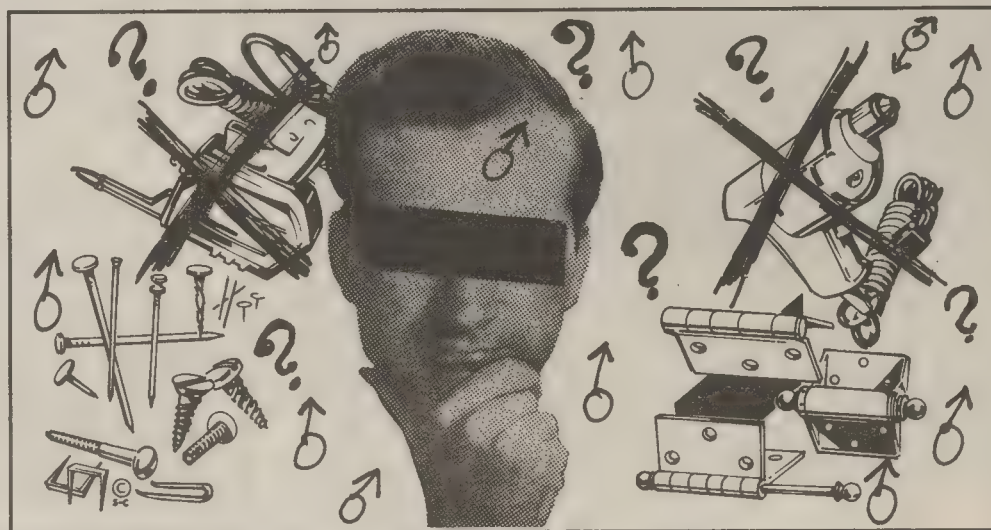
# A BYU STUDENT COMES OUT

I AM YOUR BASIC BYU STUDENT WITH ONE major difference: I am gay. I talk straight. I act straight. But, I am sexually, emotionally and socially attracted to other gay men and I have been ever since I can remember. I'm not even sure what it means to be straight. I guess how my straight friends feel when they are with their girl friends is similar to how I would feel if I were to be with a boyfriend.

I am also a Mormon and a returned missionary. While serving my mission, I was one of the top baptizers in our mission, a DL, a ZL and finally an AP. After returning to Utah, I taught at the MTC for a year and still get letters from missionaries who I taught, thanking me for strengthening their testimonies. Many tell me I was their favorite teacher. I guess I tell you this more to educate than to brag. I feel that gay people are maligned at BYU because gay people are misunderstood at BYU. I feel the need to clarify some things.

Being at BYU and being gay, if nothing else, makes for a life rich in irony. Since I've "come out" to myself and told a few selected friends, I have served as a gospel doctrine teacher, elder's quorum president, and activities chairman. I'm still worthy to hold these positions; I've never had homosexual relations; but if my poor Bishop knew I think he'd have a coronary. When friends make jokes about gays, I laugh because of the situational irony. After all, I know something they don't. I'm quite an actor because I have to be. I can't step out of character—at least not at BYU, where image seems to be more important than honesty. I don't like that, but I accept it as one of the rules of the game since I choose to be here.

It has taken me a long time to admit that I am gay. Like most people, I always equated homosexuality with promiscuity in



bathrooms, anal intercourse, drag queens, gay bars, and substance abuse. Gay people were perverts who came from the lower classes. How could I, someone decidedly upper middle-class who had no desire for bathrooms, sodomy, dresses, or alcohol, be gay? Yes, I was attracted to men, but that didn't make me gay. Besides, I was Mormon, and we all know that Mormons are not gays. I was wrong. There are gay Mormons and quite a few of them at BYU.

I thought if I lived a devout life that my feelings would go away. I hoped that once I got the priesthood, I would not longer feel this way towards other men. I remember thinking that once I was ordained a teacher, these feelings would go away. Then a priest. Then the Melchizedek priesthood. When being ordained an elder didn't take my homosexual feeling away, I thought that my mission would. Our mission president told us our sins would be forgiven if we served a diligent mission. I worked so hard for this to come true. Surely God would take these

feelings from me when he saw my hard work and sacrifice. So I thought. But it did not happen. If anything, my feelings only intensified after my mission.

I plunged into depression. I had done all the Church and God had asked me to do, gone the extra mile even, and yet I still had homosexual feelings stronger than before. I hated God. I hated the Church. I felt betrayed. How could I fulfill God's Plan of Salvation—the Plan of Happiness—when I felt no desire to marry a woman much less procreate with her? Also, what woman in her right mind would even consider marrying a gay man? Am I honest with her about my feelings, or do I just pretend my whole life? Some marriage. Awful life.

I decided that I would deny my homosexual feelings and try to date as many girls as I could. It was easy to date girls. It was another thing to fall in love with them. After numerous attempts I quite trying. I was totally depressed and felt my life had little meaning.

Since I finally got honest with myself and admitted to myself that I was gay, life has been better. It still has its rocky moments, but I feel much better about my life's prospects. I don't feel guilty about being gay. But realizing that my sexuality can present certain problems, I decided to get a second opinion about my feelings.

A friend referred me to the Counseling and Development Center in the Kimball Tower and so far my therapy has been beneficial. I can't say that I feel any less homosexual than when I started, but I've learned a lot about myself and can see some possible reasons for my orientation. My counselor is very professional and the whole experience has been positive and confidential. Who knows what will happen in the future? The important thing is that I am now dealing with myself honestly.

I have reconciled being gay and being at BYU quite well: act straight, think gay; but I don't know how I will reconcile my sexual orientation and religious heritage once I leave BYU. Difficult choices will have to be made. What I do know is that honesty with myself and with others I trust has made me happy. You can't deal with being gay if you deny it. Denial leads to serious problems and dangerous behaviors.

And a few words to my straight friends and classmates: you should realize how many of us are here at BYU and be sensitive in your dealings with others. The "10 percent" statistic is not limited to other valleys, other religions, or other universities. Maybe your roommate is gay. Maybe your elders quorum president is gay. Maybe you are.

A little understanding and honesty about sexuality would be a good thing around here. Until we are honest, BYU's gay students will talk straight and act straight. That's a formula for craziness. I can hardly wait 'til I graduate.Δ

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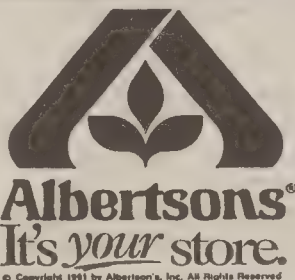
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# A KEEN WELL-LIGHTED PLACE

by Matthew A. Jackson

IT WAS LATE AND EVERYONE HAD LEFT THE Cougareat except the deaf young man who sat in the shadows of the walls of his booth. In the daytime the cafeteria was busy, but at night the excitement settled; because he was deaf, the young man liked to sit there in the silence. At night it was quiet and he could feel the difference. The two employees in the Cougareat knew the young man. He was a regular and good client, though sometimes he tried to sneak silverware into his pockets. They kept an eye on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one employee said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They stood behind the ice cream counter and looked across the tables and booths that were empty except for where the young man sat. A girl and a lacrosse player went by. The florescent lights played on the white number of his jacket. The girl wore a mini-skirt and hurried beside him. Outside, they held hands and ran.

The deaf young man walked over to the ice cream counter and rapped on it with his school ring. The younger employee went over to him.

"What do you want?" the employee said, raising his hands quizzically.

The young man looked at him. "Another cup," he said, pointing through the glass of the ice cream case at the bucket of starlight mint.

"You'll be fat," the employee said, knowing he wouldn't be understood. The young man looked at him. The waiter turned to the other employee.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get to sleep before twelve o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The employee took the cup of starlight mint ice cream and sat it on the counter before the young man.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the young man. The young man said thank you and went and sat down.

"He's getting fat," he said.

"He's already fat."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know?"

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His roommate."

"Why did he do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?"

"He's got plenty."

"He must be thirty years old."

"Anyway, I should say thirty years old."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before twelve o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely, I'm not lonely. I have a girl friend."

"He had a girl too, once."

"He'll never get married now."

"You can't tell—he might get married yet."

"His roommate looks after him."

"I know, you said that he cut him down."

"I wouldn't want to be that old. A student that old is a nasty thing."

"Not always. He is clean. He eats without spilling. Even now, full. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who have to work."

The overweight young man got up and crossed the Cougareat to the counter.

"Another starlight mint," he said. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunks or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the young man.

"No. Finished." The employee wiped the shiny aluminum counter with a towel and shook his head.

The employee watched the young man go down the walkway, chubby but dignified.

"Why didn't you let him stay and eat?" the unhurried employee asked. They were putting the chairs up on the tables. "It is not half-past eleven."

"I want to go past my girl's house."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a gallon and eat it at home."

"It is not the same."

"No it is not," agreed the employee with the girlfriend. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of calling on your girl before your usual hour?"

"No," the employee who was in a hurry said. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older employee said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but a job."

"You have everything I have."

"No, I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on, stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am one of those who likes to stay late at the Cougareat," the older employee said, "with all those who do not want to go home to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go to my girl's house."

"We are of two different kinds," the older employee said. He was now dressed to go home. "Each night, I am afraid to lock up the Cougareat because there may be someone who needs it."

"There are convenience stores open all

night long."

"You do not understand. This is a keen and pleasant place. It is well-lighted. The light is good and also now there are shadows on the booths."

"Good night," said the younger employee.

"Good night," the other said. He

continued the conversation with himself. "It is the light of course, but it is necessary that a place be keen and pleasant. Some good wholesome music. You cannot sit in a convenience store with dignity. What do I fear? It is not fear or a dread. It is an everything that I know all too well. It is all everything and a man is everything, too. It is only that, and all that is needed is a certain keenness and order. Some live in it and never feel it, but I know it is everything. Our everything who is in everything, everything be thy kingdom everything and thy will be everything in everything as it is in everything. Give us this everything our daily everything and everything us our everything as we everything our everythings and everything us not into everything but deliver us from everything." He smiled and stood before the counter by a gleaming Big-Gulp machine.

"What'll ya have?" asked the convenience store attendant.

"Everything."

"Another crazy one." The attendant shook his head.

"Just a Big-Gulp," said the employee.

"The light is very bright, but the counter is orange speckled formica," the employee said.

"Anything else?" asked the attendant.

"No, thank you," said the employee. He disliked convenience stores. The keen, well-lighted Cougareat was a different thing. Now without thinking further, he would go home to his dorm room. He would lie in bed, and finally with daylight, he would go to sleep. "After all," he said to himself, "it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it." Δ

## BERLIN

by Spencer W. Kimball

**F**RIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1955: I arose very early as was my custom. No one was around. I strolled out across the street, around the block, for several blocks and wept at the sight of the devastation. I plunged into a reverie and fell into the mood to write it down and returned to the typewriter:

Ten years now since the world war tragedy!

High fences  
Rusty fences  
Proud, haughty fences around the former grand estates  
leveled in  
humiliation  
Windblown gates unkept now  
hang and creak on rusty hinges

Ghosts of yesterday  
Ghost houses, ghost yards

Broken swimming pools remind of luxury of the forgotten rich  
Proud estates, specter houses, all so still  
No playful shouts, no children laugh  
Silent walls, silent houses, silent death  
Empty mailboxes—no letters ever more for them  
Buildings leveled, pride leveled, innocence suffering

Naked pockmarked walls, and weeds that grow from toothlike  
stabbing jaggedness indicating where—  
Chipped walls  
And glassless windows, cold and open to storm and sky  
Boarded windows  
Bricked-up windows

Jagged chimneys pierce the skies

Iron bedsteads hang  
Plumbing pipes reach into space like dragon claws

Twisted steel  
Doorways without walls  
Arches without buildings  
Porches and doorways, nothing else. porches and doorways  
Ceilings of splintered wood, shattered plaster hanging like cobwebs  
Stairways lead to no place  
Here are trees  
Tall trees that lean, one sided  
Amputated limbs and trunks but not by saw  
Jagged stumps of arms that point at—whom?  
Grotesque figures stand against the sky, pointing into space accusingly

Excavations like graves  
Excavations which are graves where rodents play

and insects find their homes  
Bricks are here  
Broken bricks and pulverized  
Piles of bricks that cover bones of people never found

Rubble  
Foundations upended  
Rotting wood  
Twisting steel  
Destruction, devastation, desolation  
Broken fountains  
Shattered statues  
Creaking shutters  
Rustiness  
Ugliness  
Jaggedness  
Screaming jaggedness.  
Walls, chimneys, trees, all grotesque writhing apparitions  
Persons? Things? Dragons?  
Disfigured deformed giants slumped in misery and

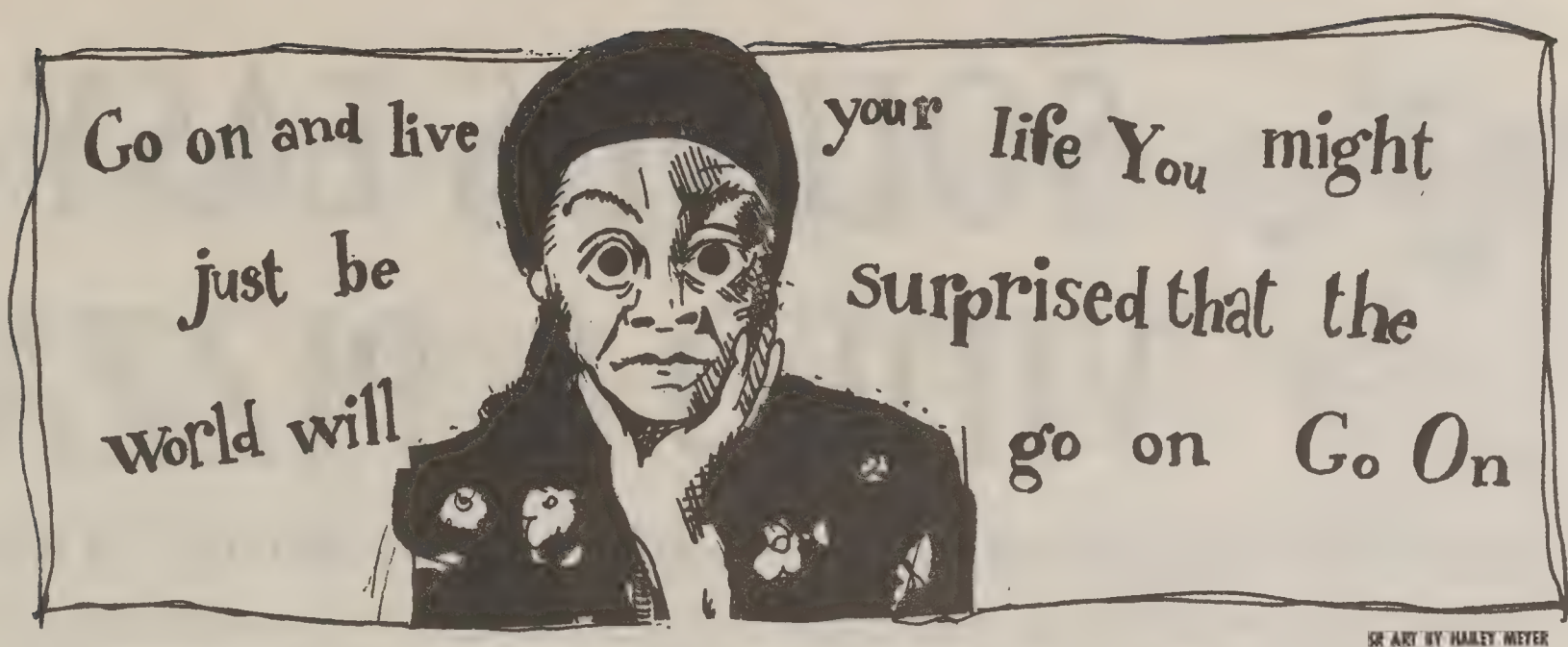
shame

Pockmarked trees, gaping wounds healed over  
Vines climbing naked trunks to cover broken limbs  
of  
torn and battered trees  
Green ivy trying hard to cover nakedness of gaping walls  
Ivy trying! trying!  
Small trees, ragged shrubs growing untended from the rubble  
struggling for existence  
Nature trying to sweeten sourness  
Squirrels scampering  
Tiny birds twittering  
To bring back life to deadness

—SPENCER W. KIMBALL  
(1895-1985)

We would like to thank BYU Studies for their permission to reprint this poem.





SKETCH BY HANLEY MEYER

# GWENDOLYN BROOKS: LIFE DISTILLED

By Jill Hemming

**G**WENDOLYN BROOKS IS NOT A BIG lady—just kind of oldish-small, rounded in the shoulders and probably prone to wearing flat shoes. I read her poetry for the first time in high school; I remember deciding that anyone who could write poetry that was simultaneously so biting and sweet was somebody I needed to meet. I've read her work several times since then and each time have gained more admiration. And then...on the twenty-seventh of November she arrived on the train from Chicago, in comfortable shoes, to share her good voice with Provo.

There was nothing reserved about that voice—or her willingness to share: besides the Tuesday forum, she attended two English classes, gave two additional readings, and agreed to an interview with *Student Review*. So she's a nice lady who just happens to be Pulitzer poet; yet her poetic voice can be fierce and does not shrink from making a reader uncomfortable. I've heard her described as "radical," and I asked her how she felt about that word. She sighed and put her chin on her hand: "How people

love to use that word. I'm not afraid of being called radical and have been called so many, many times." And then she smiled and looked too gentle to be anything close to radical.

But she was willing to stir the embers in Provo. At the Tuesday forum, I watched President Lee squirm when she lovingly described her husband as "erect." Met with silence (and very few giggles), she obligingly proceeded to explain why the term erect might be funny to an enlightened audience. Later in the afternoon she read some of her more painful poems, including the widely anthologized "the mother"—the musings of a woman who has aborted children she might have had. Brooks, aware that her boldness startles, reflected, "I wonder how some of what I have said here today has met certain ears?" Assured that if anyone was made uncomfortable it was a healthy thing, she laughed: "At least I'm leaving something to talk about."

As we talked, she stressed her belief that poetry is a powerful vehicle that can be true to experience: "I'm going to say something that will sound so grand. The limitations are not in the words, but in ourselves. The

words are there to be made much of, and if we don't make much of them, it's our fault." She leaned back and looked knowingly at me with her heavy, round eyes.

As she said at the forum, "It's a time for big poems." She's unafraid of taking hold of big words and handing them to us; those words are always reasonable. She considers herself "a voice of reason—yes; not of temperance. I don't always think that's necessarily a virtue." For her, temperance departs from being a virtue "If something horrible is happening. Somebody's got to do something about it and will be called intemperate." That's obviously a label she doesn't mind.

We talked about the earth, and what it means to be seventy-three: "As a little girl in Stockton made very clear to me, 'Now that you are seventy-three years old (she was very impressed by that) and are about to die, what do you think about life?' So I told her 'I'm feeling perfectly well.' But in all seriousness, since I've decided long since that I do not want to be cremated, I will have some association with the earth and I feel—I don't know exactly how I feel about the earth. I mean, it's there; I like all the things it

gives us, fruits and vegetables and flowers." These are simple words for a Poet Laureate—very real. I was thankful for her honesty.

And as if she knew it would win my heart forever, she admitted that she likes to watch soap operas—"All My Children" especially, and when asked if she likes to dance she cried, "Yes! And I dance at home when nobody can see me." Again and again in her lectures she said that "poetry is life distilled." Perhaps it's the richness of her living that makes its distillation such vibrant poetry.

Gwendolyn Brooks is a good woman who writes good poetry. She's not a poet in the sky with a personal cosmos. She patted my hand; she spoke in that deep, cadenced voice and made me think some new things. Before I left, she suggested some good poets I ought to read and we decided how nice it is that she's not the only fine poet in the world. It would be a lonely job, and she admitted, "I don't have enough faith in myself that I would want people reading only me." Δ *Jill is Jill is Jill is Jill.*

## THE 12-INCH DOG

by Darrell Spencer

**D**OC RUBS THE BUMP IN MY PALM, WAGS MY BIRD FINGER, and says, "Dupuytren's contracture." I'm working out how to describe him to Patty. His face looks like it was torn apart, then mended under gunfire. His small stiff ears poke out. They're stamped like coins. The eyes are a parrot's.

"Hurt?" he says and grinds down on the bump.

I say, "Oh, my, no."

He's sitting below me on a padded stool, and there's a 12-inch dog in the corner. Sucker's black as ink and hairy as hell. Doc says, "Common enough. We see it in men more than women. And you're a man, right?" He walks, scoots away on the stool, zips to an instrument tray and comes up with a milkbone he hookshots at the dog. The dog nails it a good foot and a half off the ground. Its toenails clatter on the linoleum. Doc says to me, "Worse case scenario is amputation." He's braced himself against scary-looking machinery, all hoses and tubes, big and little dials, a sci-fi prop.

The dog crunches its treat, and I wring my diseased hand. "Was a pope had Dupuytren's," Doc says. "Of the little and ring finger." Doc raises his hand, the little and ring finger curled down and in, and he says, "It changed how the Pope does his blessing. It's supposed to be hand open, flat." Doc straightens out his fingers. "Now it's what you see on TV, him in the Popemobile, little and ring finger down, index and bird left standing."

The dog stops licking up crumbs and smiles fiercely. I swear it. The dog thinks this is funny.

Doc says, "Your dad got Dupuytren's?"

I try to picture my dad's hands. I see them folded in his

lap. I say to Doc, "What do I do?"

"Not a thing." He helps me up and opens the door. He says, "Your finger's straight as an arrow. It's not curling up, and probably won't. If it ain't broke, don't fix it. If it hurts, whirlpool it. Someday maybe coricosteriod if it gets worse."

I say, "I'm not yet twenty-five, Doc."

He gives a nurse my chart, pats my shoulder, and says, "Not to worry." He enters an examining room. The dog's right with him.

At home I describe Doc to Patty and tell her about Dupuytren's contracture and the Pope and the 12-inch dog. "Liar," she says.

I show her.

She says, "Fibber," and slips around behind me, saying, "Pants on fire."

"Touch," I say and flex my hand.

"When pig's fly," she says. I turn around, and she's a step ahead of me and staying behind my back, quick, like she's me in a mirror.

I say, "What's wrong?" We're married three weeks is all. We got through her honeymoon cystitis together. Our moms took care of it. Patty, she's only nineteen.

"Plenty," she says.

I can't get her to look at me.

She says, "Wolf in sheep's clothing."

I sit down.

"You went for some queer sickness," she says.

I can't get up fast enough. Patty's behind me, like some beast moving in a forest. What she is saying is stuffing its furry self down my throat and hunting my heart like the 12-inch dog. Bark bark bark. I kick throw rugs into corners and

under furniture.

She says, "Your homosexual friend called." Up to this minute, Steven's been *our* homosexual friend. Steven recommended the doctor.

I push the bump, and my bird finger wobbles.

"Stevie boy," Patty says. "Cute little Spanky."

I say, "Feel it. It's under the skin." I say, "Every bit of it is true."

She says, "Spanky wondered how it went at the doctor's."

I go to the phone on the wall and punch in Doc's number.

Patty says, "Milkstop."

Me? The phone cord's too tight. I can't stretch it out.

Patty says, "Spanky's come a-courting, and it's not Patty he wants. I see how he looks at me. How a woman looks at a woman who's in the way. And his hair, the way it drops onto his forehead like musical notes. Tell me he has perfect toes." She's stopped following me and is crying, tears bigger than lightbulbs. She's wearing new red shoes. They shine like apples.

I wedge the phone to my ear and hold out my Dupuytren's contracture, offer Patty my hand's delinquent life. I say, "What I've said is true."

She says, "Not the dog part. They wouldn't allow it."

I close my hand.

She says, "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me."

No one's answering at Doc's. It's after hours. I see I'm going to have to eat the furry truth Patty has for me, whatever it is. Δ

*Darrell is an English professor and teaches with a 12-foot cat at his side.*





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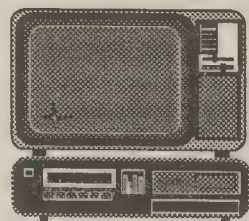
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# LUNCH MONEY, SNOW CONES, AND THE SECOND GRADE

by Sean Ziebarth

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE were three bears, a papa bear, a mama bear, and a baby bear..." I had heard the Goldilocks story too many times. I was in the second grade and felt that

I deserved a more stimulating story. Maybe something by Vonnegut.

I was used to it. Every Thursday Mrs. Karen, my teacher, would turn off all the lights in the classroom except for the one in the corner; she would huddle us closely around and read us children's stories as if she was our mother, putting us to bed. I was completely bored by the whole ordeal, so I sat by myself, towards the back of the huddle, away from all the others. I let my mind wander, then my hands and feet began to wander, and then I crawled, sly like a fox, into the darkness.

As I crawled I realized that Thursday was lunch money day. I never bought school lunches: they were too vile for me, even at that early age. I did like the burritos though, and the chocolate bars. Mrs. Karen's desk must be full of money, I thought to myself.

Mrs. Karen's desk was cool to the touch. It was a beige, steel, five-drawer desk. I knew that the money was in the long, slender, middle drawer and that it was probably locked. I tugged at it and it gave way. Mrs. Karen droned on, so I peeked into the desk, hoping to find my own little treasure.

That single fluorescent light in the corner reflected off the coins. Some of the lunch money was in baggies, tied with the green twisty tie, some in envelopes with the kid's names on them. I didn't hesitate. I pulled off my Evel Knievel t-shirt and then my white undershirt. I put the Evel t-shirt back on;

stuffing all the lunch money into my undershirt. As I crawled back to my desk I softly thanked my mother for making me wear two shirts, even though I hated it.

Mrs. Karen had a cow when she realized the lunch money had been stolen. She was furious. It was almost scary, but I couldn't help laughing to myself, my face stern as stone. She immediately formed a search party consisting of herself and the teacher's pet, Kevin. I had always hated Kevin and his dark, messy, red hair, buck teeth highlighted by a David Letterman gap, and oodles of freckles. Mrs. Karen and Kevin went through everyone's desk, removing all books and other supplies, searching for the stolen lunch money. They even frisked us, checking our pockets. I knew all that money would never fit in someone's pocket. When Kevin got to my desk I casually stood up and let him do his thing. I was a little nervous, because the money was so close. I had simply laid my money-filled shirt under my desk. He never thought to look there.

When the money wasn't found, I suggested to the class that maybe it was Kevin who stole the money. The class, including Mrs. Karen, heartily agreed, so she searched Kevin and his desk. He, unlike myself, was innocent.

The bell finally rang and it was time to go home. Mrs. Karen was hesitant to let us leave so she searched everyone on their way out. I had emptied all the money into the thermos of my "Adam-12" lunchbox. I passed Mrs. Karen's final inspection and was home free.

After crossing the crosswalk and entering my housing tract, my friends and I spotted the ice cream man. We stopped him, and I was feeling generous that day so the treats were on me.

When I got home, my mother asked me what I did in school that day. I told her "nothin," but then I continued, telling her someone had stolen all the lunch money and that I thought it was Kevin. I was a good thief and liar.

The weeks passed and I continued pillaging my classroom. I was a professional now and no one could stop me. Stealing was fun, an adventure, a game that I played with Mrs. Karen and Kevin. So far, I was winning.

Stealing money got to be a little risky so I switched to "Wacky-Packages," the 70s equivalent to "Garbage Pail Kids." My friends worshipped me because I had the biggest and best collection of "Wacky-Packages." We spent hours swapping back and forth, each of us trying to improve our collection. I never stole from my friends, just people like Kevin, who, by the way, had a great collection.

I had the wool pulled over everyone's eyes. No one expected that little, innocent, thumbless Sean was the second grade thief, especially not the principal, Mr. Powell, who looked like a young Kissinger. As a matter of fact, Mr. Powell had just awarded me the "Principal's Award for Outstanding Students." I went to Mr. Powell's office to pick out my award. I chose a black folder with a colorful, psychedelic design on the front. In one of the corners I wrote "SZ+LL" in miniscule letters. "LL" stood for Lisa Leathe, but I pronounced it "Litha Leaf."

That was Monday. Friday was snow cone day. There was a booth that sold snow cones for ten cents after school. My best friend, Paul Whelan, didn't have a dime, and I only had one with me, so I stole one for him, like Robin Hood. I stole the dime from Kelly Baker; she lived down the street from me. In her desk was one of those rubber coin purses

that old men always keep their change in. Hers was green and contained a single dime. When she went to use the little ladies room, I struck.

School let out. I bought Paul and myself snow cones. I squirted the full rainbow of flavors on my snow-cone, turning it brown. It looked like poo, but it tasted great. Paul and I headed home, and as we passed the log ship (It was this giant pirate ship made out of huge Lincoln Logs. One recess I was climbing up the ladder to the lookout deck. A girl was climbing down the ladder and she stepped on my head and I bit my tongue. I still have the scar.) someone grabbed my arm. I was whipped around and standing there was Mrs. Karen, holding Kelly Baker's hand, her face melting with tears. I was in trouble.

As it turned out, Leslie Brundelstein saw me steal Kelly's dime and she tattled on me (Leslie defined the word "wench" for me. I hated her, and still hate her for telling on me). Mrs. Karen made me give my snow cone to Kelly. At first I resisted, reminding them that I had taken several bites from it, but Kelly didn't care. I hoped she'd get cooties.

Mrs. Karen marched me off to the principal's office. She suggested to Mr. Powell that I should give back my Principal's Award. I begged, pleaded, and promised Mr. Powell that if he didn't take away my folder, I'd never steal again. He agreed, and I was relieved. I couldn't let anyone know that I was in love with "LL."

Then Mrs. Karen turned to me and asked, "Sean, have you been the one stealing from the class?"

"No," I answered back. She believed me. "Sucker," I thought. Δ



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## A LOOK AT THE LINT MENACE

by Quentin Decker

**L**INT. WE ALL DEAL WITH IT IN TODAY'S HURRY-UP-and-get-it-done-yesterday world. It appears without warning on our clothes as we prepare for that special date. It is all we find when we fumble in our pockets for change. The sign at the laundromat tells us we are in eminent danger if we do not clean the lint out of the dryer before we use it.

But the problem of lint is no mere annoyance. The Environmental Protection Agency has estimated that over one thousand landfills will be filled with lint and other clothing fibers within the next twenty-five years. This makes it more of an environmental threat than disposable diapers. Needless to say, something must be done.

Of course, lint is not a new phenomenon. It goes back to the beginning of time. Anthropologists today believe that the cave paintings at Lascaux were painted with crude brushes made from the lint of bearskin loincloths.

A fragment of the Book of Job found at Qumron suggests that one of the plagues that afflicted Job was excessive lint. "...and it came to pass that Job beheld that his navel was filled with lint; and he did pluck it out, but the Lord caused it to be filled again..." (translation uncertain).

The Protestant Reformation was caused in part by lint. Martin Luther found the practice of self-flagellation followed by dabbing the wounds with lint balls soaked in vinegar to be heretical, and included it in his ninety-eight theses.

Other incidents of lint in history:

—St. Martin Izing of the Graces of One Hour became the patron saint of dry cleaners after the lint from four peasants' wool coats miraculously vanished following prayers to him.

—Bloody lint balls were discovered at the murder site of Catherine Stone, one of Jack the Ripper's victims.

—Elmer McGuffin, the only man to survive going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, used lint he had saved over a period of six years to cushion himself in the barrel.

The pressing issue, however, is what to do about the lint menace. A century ago, there was no real problem. Clothing was made from natural, biodegradable fibers, such as wool and cotton. But the introduction of man-made fabrics like polyester gave us a species of lint that was durable long after leisure suits went out of style. It is estimated that polyester takes two hundred years to decompose, as compared to the ten year life expectancy of cotton. That means that the lint that we pull out of our dryers will haunt our children, and our children's children.

What can we do with lint and still remain earth-friendly? Clearly, the policies of the past will not work in a changing world. As a community service, *Student Review* presents some solutions to this ever more worrisome dilemma.

A firm in Unna, Germany, has been collecting lint donated by people who have grown tired of removing

the offending matter from the pockets of their leisure suits, and has been making polishing rags out of it. This process involves reducing the articles to piles of thread which are rewoven into new rag fabric. This fabric is then cut into twenty-five centimeter square swatches and sold on the open market. These rags have been proven to be especially good for polishing metal, and have been adopted by BMW for exclusive use in cleaning up new models as they roll off the assembly line.

Although Randolph Blanding's neighbors thought it was yet another example of just how cheap he was, this Wisconsin resident used lint to insulate his house. Blanding owns a chain of coin-operated laundromats, and saved the lint from the dozens of dryers clogged by the stuff every day for nearly a year. His house was recently cited by the U.S. Department of Energy as being one of the most energy efficient private residences in the country, and is now being considered for landmark status.

Sister Ellen Sykes, the spiritual living instructor in the Tagus, California Fifth Ward Relief Society, has turned her lint into decorative throwrugs. Noting the popular appeal of these rugs, Sister Sykes has started her own business manufacturing and selling other lint items, such as placemats and doormats, and is turning a comfortable profit.

While these solutions may be useful to a few, they do not satisfy the needs of a whole nation of lint producers and victims. But now a young entrepreneur named Peter Westlake may have a solution. Westlake has suggested a process by which all types of lint may be collected, as cans and newspapers are now collected, and sold by the ton to manufacturers who might weave the lint into threads which will then be used for cheap, durable fabrics. Although one critic compared the process to turning lead into gold, at least one major firm—Burlington—has expressed interest in the plan.

While lint will almost certainly remain a vexing problem well into the next century, we do not have to become its helpless victims. But supporting and emulating the remarkable innovators mentioned above, we can keep lint to a manageable level. It is just another way we can help protect the earth. Δ

*Quentin is an avid lint saver and uses it to make wonderfully soft and cushioned facial tissue and toilet paper.*

## ARE YOU TATTOOED?

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# THE POETRY OF SUSAN ELIZABETH HOWE

by Susan Elizabeth Howe

**S**USAN ELIZABETH HOWE, professor of English and Creative Writing, has never been in a hot air balloon, but she has received a Ph.D. from the University of Denver and has published her poetry in numerous journals and magazines, including *Shenandoah*, *Literary Review* and *The New Yorker*. After receiving an undergraduate degree from BYU in Spanish, she spent six years as an editor with Houghton-Mifflin Company and also worked on the editing board of *Exponent II*. She has written a play, "Burdens of Earth," based on the life of Joseph Smith, and is currently working on another about Flannery O'Connor. And if there are any astrologists out there, she was born on the cusp, torn between the cycles of Leo and Virgo.

**GWENDOLYN BROOKS,  
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Her voice: hum and buzz, all the bees home in the hive and hopping and the honey rich, honey mellow.

No dancer of arabesque, pirouette,

she zings the straight line,  
how she'll give it to you.  
Follow, and she will scatter  
sunlight  
on passages within: dark brilliance  
flowering. And the necessary sting.

**THE MAN WHO MAKES FIREWORKS  
KNOWS**

everything starts with the body,  
chemical and compact inside tight  
skin,  
telling itself to the world.  
So as people who up against the  
dark sky  
for the performance, unfold their  
fording,  
settle on chairs and blankets till  
their joints  
touch,  
the man who makes fireworks  
waits.  
The crackle, hum, and rustling  
in the darkness must filter, still—  
design of blood and bone in a rich  
night,  
pattern of what will follow.  
Then the spark the body knows—  
Explosions break from the lungs,  
glitter of breath against the stars.

**TIGER EATING A EUROPEAN**  
Most exquisite toy, whimsy and

revenge,  
plaything of a maharajah whose  
compliance—  
bribes of money, spices, jewels—  
ended at his eyes,  
who retired from the British to  
provinces of art  
and ordered his craftsmen to begin.

Now in the Victoria and Albert, it  
is a  
brilliant prize,  
lacquered like the Indian sun—  
wood-carved  
echo  
through strategies of silence. For  
the life-  
sized Englishman  
lies stiff upon his back, pointless  
toes thrust  
up at the sky  
beneath a Bengal tiger that  
crouches and  
defies.  
Inside, the animal is strong and  
hollow.  
Music  
Makes the tiger growl, the  
European scream.

"Tiger Eating a European" was  
first printed as a broadsheet by  
High Ground Press, Madeira Park,  
B.C., Canada.

## SUDDEN FICTION

### THE DAY I CONTEMPLATED IO

by Jill Hemming

**T**HE COWS CAME HOME AND MOOED IN MY EAR THAT cows have come to know self by grazing on living things—not once, but daily, and all day long rechewing what they bit off yesterday. They willingly let green stain their tongues; let it become a dribbled part of the white curled hair on their chests, all the way down to their forelegs.

They said I could learn to love the coming of days each again and again exactly the same; that "moo" would become my own—a universal cowdom to call me home at the last day. They held a conviction that the language of the forecows had held its pertinence, its power, and that generations of cows could meet in a field and find communion.

I nibbled a blade of grass as I listened and

determined that green is the source, the force in their loose-hipped rambling—that tipsy juice that fills their veins. And I wanted to believe that pasture is the world; to fall to all fours and to speak in a given voice that never changes—that moves like water, like gravity, like green in spring.

I looked at them: at their shaggy edges at the ears, at their heavy-lipped chewing and eyes like marbles. They gathered around me, close. Heavy breathing. And their gentle mooings seemed like a call to Eden, where cows are never, never beguiled by serpents. Their noses surrounded me like floating pink pincushions—moist and slightly trembling. Could I receive moo and the pasture? Could I chew the same mouthful again and again? Δ

## FOR CHRISTMAS

by Andrew Bay

**F**OR CHRISTMAS TRICIA GOT A FIRE TRUCK THAT actually shoots water. Mickey, the luckout next door, got a Huffy bike. At the park Mickey rode his bike with no hands and smashed Tricia's fire truck window and bent the whole thing in half.

Tricia said, "Mickey Thomas, you dumbhead, you've ruined it."

Mickey said, "So what, so-so-so what!"

With that Tricia hit Mickey's lip. He was only eight, but so what if he was only eight years old. Big deal. He's eight. Tricia's ten. If she has to play with him he

can't talk like her mother. Enough of that eight-year-old mother talk. Tricia wants to play. She wants to put out fires. She wants to rescue cats. She's sick of mean kids. She just wants to help grown-ups squirt water on houses, whoosh, whoosh. Why doesn't Mickey want to let her play. Why can't Mickey understand ten year olds. Why is Mickey such a dumb boy.

Blood dripped from Mickey's lip. He was crying. Tricia felt real bad. She didn't like blood. Mickey had juicy red Christmas blood. Stop it, Mickey. Stop it doing that. Press it harder. Make it stop bleeding. Now, Mickey, now! Δ

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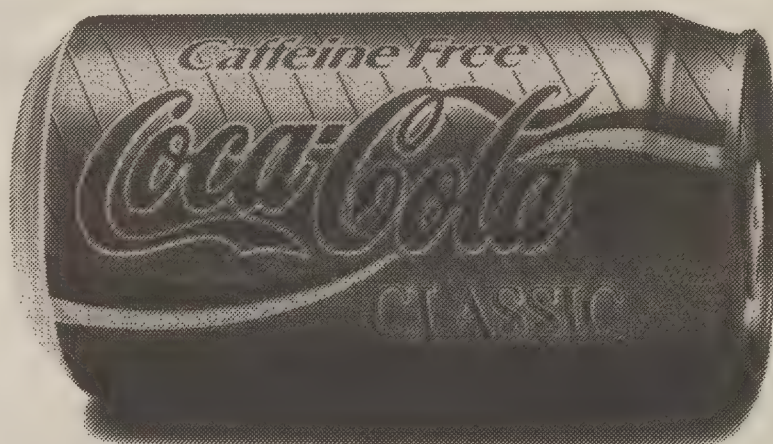
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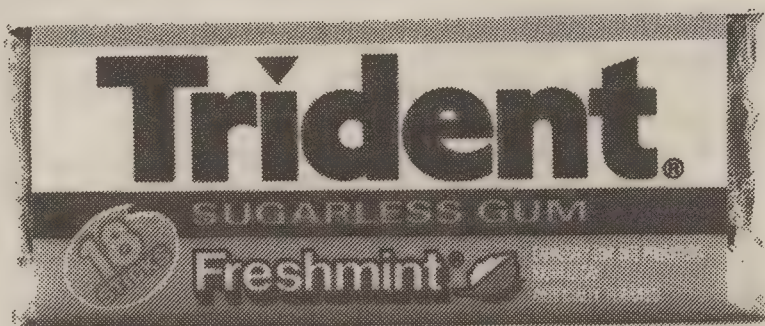
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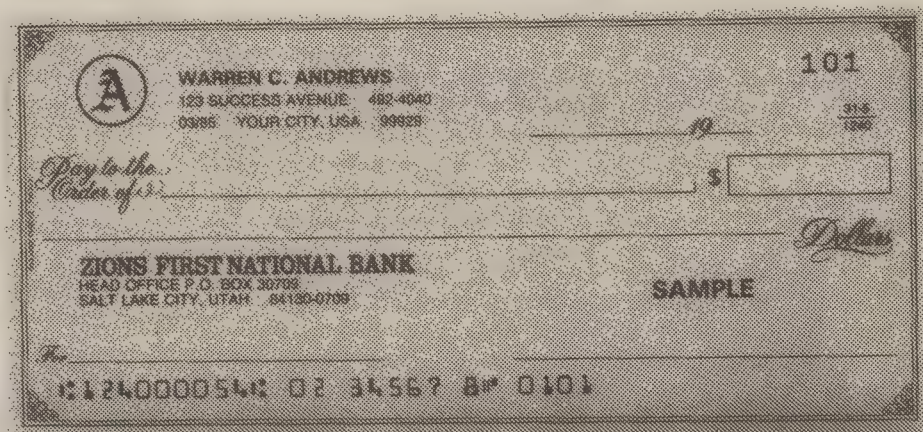




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# BUYING THE DEEDS OF WAR

by Sharon McGovern

I AM A PART OF A GENERATION VICARIOUSLY acquainted with the horrors of war. Televised coverage of the Vietnam War tore away the last shreds of the myth of glorious battle, revealing scenes of carnage that forever changed popular perspectives on the mechanics of killing. Even more explicit depictions of brutality of all sorts have been a part of my upbringing. Up-to-the-minute reports of the latest atrocities are squeezed into news blurbs between *Mork and Mindy* and *Jeopardy*. I flip past the pages which concern bloody conflict to get to interviews and reviews in news magazines. My eyes hardly rest on the photos of the maimed and suffering in newspapers, because I have seen it all so often. A thick, heavy callous has formed on my soul as a result of the constant terror that has always been a part of my environment. Unspeakable ugliness is the norm in the news I see but rarely see. I believe that is why the almost unholy beauty of James Nachtwey's photographs in his book *Deeds of War* so disturbs me as I turn its pages. The photographs were taken in Haiti, Lebanon, the Soviet Union, India, and all points of conflict in between. But soon, the countries don't matter and their causes don't matter, because the suffering seems the

same. Whether the coffin is carried by a band of masked rebels through a crowd or by a single man on a lonely dirt road, the absoluteness of death is the same, the anonymity of the dead is the same. Notations of time and place gradually lose their meaning.

But some remain with me. In El Salvador three tiny girls cover their faces with their hands while the helicopter takes off, blowing dust into their eyes and making a mess of their prim dresses. In Nicaragua soldiers carry their wounded or dead countrymen on their shoulders like Christ being taken down from the cross. In Northern Ireland a young couple calmly push their baby carriage away from a burning truck. And in Guatemala two fat Cardinals prepare to lift off in a fully armed helicopter—the perfect pictorial joining of the two major influences in Central America, the Catholic Church and the military.

There is a surreal incongruity in the image of a young man grinning up at a sultry woman in a window when the man is in fatigues and the wall that separates them is pocked with bullet holes. The discomfort increases as I recall a brightly dressed boy swinging on the barrel of a cannon, and becomes painful in reminiscence of a chubby

toddler smiling as he looks down the barrel of a pistol while soldiers sitting with him on a tank laugh.

Still, I might be able to forget these images and forgive the artist whose skill compels me to remember them if not for their rather terrifying beauty. The photo in which the father holds his limp little daughter in his arms recalls the composition of Renaissance Madonnas. The image which shows the hands and knees of Afghans kneeling before their decorated weapons has the richest colors I've ever seen in a photograph. In another, the head of a man who has had the skin blown off his face is revealed to be a shocking pink.

But the image which haunts me most shows two men pulling a shrunken, muddy corpse from a river. One of the men looks directly into the camera lens, and into the viewer's eyes. He looks puzzled, as if he cannot imagine why anybody would want to see this, to photograph and keep the scene alive forever. And I wonder myself. Why do I look at something so horrific and why does it affect me so much after I let so many depictions of the deeds of war pass before me, barely acknowledged?

I recall John Singer Sargent's World War I memorial painting, "Gassed." It depicts the

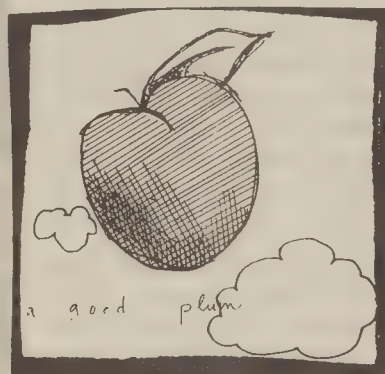
aftermath of a gas attack which has left piles of soldiers blind and gasping for fresh air. The dignity and beauty of Sargent's painting style seems at odds with the suffering of the men, but, at the same time, gives the work a powerful resonance. Painting and the other arts changed after that war, and because of that war. Ugliness and cynicism arose in the art world to fit prevailing attitudes about war and every other form of violence.

In James Nachtwey's photographs, beauty seems again to be the ironic end of the brutal, and the results are, by every definition of the word, stunning. I'm not sure what to think of myself for flipping through the pages of *Deeds of War*. (I can never look at any of the photographs for too long.) Does my fascination lie with the morbid desecration of "beauty," or are the photos somehow teaching me how to feel the true horror that war commands?

"Deeds" are actions, and they are also contracts. In being touched by Nachtwey's work, I have bought a memory, a piece of war that I can keep and always remember to fear and loath. Δ

Sharon has graduated from the Y and has moved on to bigger and better things at the U. We miss her.

— clip & save



## IF YOU WERE A PLUM

by Jill Hemming

If you were a plum  
I'd take you in my pocket

find your deepest colors in the  
light,

to the orchard  
and rub you on my jeans,

turn your taut skin  
between my bright teeth

explore your creases with my  
thumbs,

and settling against a trunk,  
I'd swallow you whole.

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## TOP TEN SUBVERSIVE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

by Brenton Chu

I could have written a beginning to this list, warnings about the untold dangers we face from subversive books and their authors, but I feel these titles and my experiences will more than illustrate the problem.

I can't describe the feelings I had when I discovered what my tithing dollars were buying. All I could do after reading the titles was to do what Joseph did with Potiphar's wife: run and never look back.

Before you read this list, I want everyone to know that these are all real titles found in the Harold B. Lee Library.

1. *Dating Your Mom.*
2. *European Rubber Journal.*
3. *Where the Wild Things Are.* A friend confided in me one day how she had suddenly and for no apparent reason become wild and immoral. I suspected a book. "What is your favorite book?" I asked her. She threw me to the ground and climbed on top of me. Smiling and with a crazed look in her eyes, she said, "*Where the Wild Things Are, baby.*"
4. *S & M: Studies in Sadomasochism.*
5. *Temple Huston, Lawyer with a Gun.* Lawyers in general are not to be trusted, especially if they are armed.
6. *Penguin Book of Socialist Verse.* I learned in high school that socialism is just another step on the road to communism. If you see a loved one reading this book, tell them it could, without warning, turn them into a communist.
7. *Battles at the Bar.* A self help book on fighting while sloshed.
8. *The Headless Roommate.* I, like countless others, do not get along with my roommate. I drive him crazy with my habit of tapping my fingers on tables. "Stop it!" he yells and starts mumbling something about chopping off the problem. My fingers, I assume, but I can't take any chances, and neither can you.
9. *If I Ran the Zoo.* What every general reads before attempting a coup d'etat.
10. *Hillbilly Realist.* Nothing really subversive here, just note the contradiction in terms. Δ

Brenton left out his favorite subversive book, *Fascinating Womanhood*.

**STUDENT REVIEW**  
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# MORE MARTYRS IN LATIN AMERICA

by David Knowlton

**V**IOLENT ATTACKS AGAINST THE CHURCH CONTINUE IN Latin America. In August, two more missionaries were brutally assassinated in Peru by the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA). As General Conference began, the press reported that another chapel in Chile had sustained extensive damage in a bombing by the Marxist Lautaro Movement. The consistency and increase in militant actions against the Church (making it the second most frequently attacked U.S.-based target in Latin America) suggests that the Church has a major image problem in Latin America that needs addressing.

Pamphlets left at the scenes in both cases, "justify" the actions as strikes against U.S. Imperialism and its Latin American accomplices. While this accusation is immediately understandable—although arguable—from the perspective of Latin American thought, it makes little sense to North American Mormons. In fact, when church spokespersons respond that the LDS church is an international organization unaffiliated with any government or political party they sound suspect to many Latin American ears.

Much of the Latin American left-wing as well as intellectual members of the general population identify Mormonism as the leading edge of an invasion of U.S. "sects." The relatively sudden and apparently well financed appearance of a plethora of non-Catholic religions, originating from the United States, creates concern. People openly wonder about the relationship between these groups and U.S. foreign policy. They find the financing and purpose of these groups and their missionary activities suspicious and openly wonder how they are connected with greater U.S. plans for the economic, cultural and political domination of their continent.

There does not have to be a governmental connection, or even CIA financing, although such is suspected, in order for these groups to be seen as part of U.S. Imperialism. In the Latin American intellectual tradition, imperialism is the cultural, economic, and political means by which one class or nation dominates and exploits another.

Everything from "Pretty Woman" to the Apple Macintosh, from the rather imperious lecturings of U.S. trade representative Carla Hill or Jimmy Swaggert's thunderings are seen as part of a whole which constrains their nations severely. Rather than being the result of a

range of individual corporate decisions and actions, these things are perceived as stemming from a systemic logic which can alternately be the salvation or the destruction of the continent—depending on the political perspective one takes. Where we see interacting but independent parts, they see a complete whole in which government, business, culture and religion play their roles in imperialism's drama.

Both the Lautaro Movement and the MRTA have declared as their goal the destruction of imperialist agencies. Lautaro, along with the Manuel Rodriguez patriotic front in Chile have made more attacks against Mormon property than any other group. In fact, the LDS church has suffered more property loss in Chile than anywhere else. The MRTA, until now, limited itself to the destruction of church property, but recently it has struck out at church personnel, forcefully drawing them into the bloody Peruvian civil war. Significantly, they did not kill North American missionaries, but rather two Peruvians.

In some church circles, the notion is circulating that they made an error because one of the Peruvians was light skinned. However had they wanted to kill Americans directly, they easily could have. Last June, the U.S. embassy warned that they had threatened to kidnap and possibly kill a U.S. citizen. The guerrillas chose Peruvian missionaries to demonstrate that native allies of the "imperialists" are targets—as the pamphlets left at the scene attested.

Lautaro and the MRTA feel justified in their choice of Mormon targets. They attack Mormons, not only because of a widespread mistrust and concern about Mormons, their proselyting, and U.S. connections, but for other more immediate reasons.

Lautaro recruits young people within working class Chilean neighborhoods, the same places where the church has actively sought converts and has built numerous chapels. Among Chilean working class youth (I am told), Mormonism creates alternately strong attraction and fierce anger. Teenagers who become Mormon or even attend Mormon meetings are supposedly ostracized and severely criticized by their peers who take a left leaning critical stance. Since the people of this class suffer high unemployment and economic difficulties despite Chile's "strong" economy, both religious reawakening and revolutionary fervor are natural. As part of their initiation, Lautaro reportedly requires its recruits to attack Mormon churches. Often these attacks are responses to some action by

the United States that has angered the Latin American left.

This connection between guerrilla action and U.S. activities also occurs in Peru. MRTA maintains a solid connection between its violent strikes and its political analysis and goals.

One factor in Peru might help explain the missionaries' assassination. Peru's president, Alberto Fujimori, was elected with substantial help from Evangelical organizations. One of his vice-presidents is a former leader of a major national Evangelical group and perhaps a third of the congressional candidates fielded by his party are evangelicals. This fact was widely publicized and became very controversial during the campaign. Fujimori was elected on a promise to avoid an economic-shock while trying to improve his country's situation. Yet, shortly after he took office at the end of July, under severe pressure from international financial institutions and the U.S. government, he instituted an economic "stabilization" package widely known as Fuji-shock.

Peruvians felt betrayed by Fujimori's policies and responded with deep outrage and popular mobilization. August was a month of constant strikes, hunger, and militant struggle. It is probable that MRTA's assassination of the two missionaries was related to its analysis of the role of evangelicals and the U.S. in Fujimori's decision. It probably does not distinguish between Protestants and Mormons. Because of the public prominence we have sought with our numerous ostentatious chapels and our easily visible missionaries (even without name tags and dressed in jeans they are still recognizable), we reap the results of Evangelical politics.

In sum, the Church faces a serious problem in Latin America, where strikes against Mormon personnel and property continue to increase. Naive denials that the LDS church is not connected with the U.S. government or insinuations that it is an international church—while perhaps necessary for the press—will do nothing to change the situation. This requires a strong, positive change in the Church's image, thereby making it a less meaningful target for leftist anger. Unless we clearly understand the nature of the problem and move constructively, it is likely that during the social convulsions projected for the nineties, we will suffer increased violent attacks. Δ

# WAR'S SPIRITUAL RISKS

by Brain Dille

**W**hile our soldiers meet physical death on the battleground, it's possible for us on the homefront to suffer spiritual death. It is important to discuss the attitudes that can destroy a person spiritually at a time of war.

Here at BYU, there is a tendency to bring the gospel into every discussion of national or local policy. This is healthy since it is the purpose of BYU to pursue secular studies enhanced by gospel insights. It is easy to see however, that both sides of any given debate are usually backed by scripture. The problem is the motive behind the search itself, not that different answers are gleaned from the same scriptures. The idea being

that, like a good debater, if you look hard enough your position will be proved. When this happens the scriptures and religion become subordinated to the cause that is being forwarded.

A similarly destructive attitude is that God is on our side. The idea, dating from the Old Testament, is that if God is with us, we win. Great care is thus taken to convince our selves that "we" are the righteous, God's favorite and chosen people. This problem is a form of spiritual pride: we assume that regardless of our personal or national worthiness, or our reasons for entering a war and our method of warfare—God will back us up. Saddam failed to make the Gulf Conflict a holy war for the Arabs so why are we turning it into one on our campus?

But the most spiritually damaging attitude of warfare, even on the homefront, is the hatred engendered towards the enemy. Christ's injunction to love our enemies is scoffed at by cynics as unrealistic and not possible, that in some way it doesn't apply to war. The enemy are dehumanized to make them easier to kill; thus Saddam becomes Hitler and Arabs are called "sand-niggers"—a singularly ugly epithet.

Moroni stands as a model for us on how to avoid this damning attitude. He was in a war more destructive than any we have faced: his family and nation were destroyed by it. Yet his words to his enemies are that if they will repent "all will be well with your in the day of judgement" (Morm 7:10). Here is none of the vindictiveness or hatred that is

heard daily on this campus, directed towards both Iraqis and rival camps of Americans. From one who had much more reason to hate than we who are only affected by CNN reports—here is only the unconditional love of a true disciple of Christ.

Like all others, this war will end. Bodies and minds will be mended and relationships will begin anew. Let's not destroy ourselves eternally in the advancement of a temporal cause, whatever it may be. Don't hate. Don't order God around. Like C.S. Lewis wrote, a Christian who just quietly does his duty in time of war can remain spiritually unscathed. Δ





## NEEDING UNDERSTANDING: ISLAM 101

by Eric L. Christiansen

**S**ADLY, IN THIS NEW ERA OF "enlightenment" and "equality," biases and ignorances still appear. Case in point—The Persian Gulf War.

From the day when the American soldiers first touched down to the conditional cease-fire, the news media harped on the strict moral code that the soldiers were being "forced" to live under: no alcohol, no naked pinups, no contact with the local women. Very few media reports truly looked at the source behind the codes: the Islam religion.

Sadly again, many students at BYU thought the soldiers were

being put under severe duress. "After all," said one, "we're over there saving their butts. We should be able to do what we want." Other students made fun of the Arabic customs and traditions such as the daily prayers and the required clothing of women. What they fail to see, however, is how close many tenets of the Islam religion parallel our own Judeo-Christian beliefs—especially Mormonism. This attitude of ignorance is not limited to Islam either. It can be found in our actions towards Buddhism, Hinduism, and other non-Judeo-Christian based religions.

So what can be done at BYU?

Institute semester classes on Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism but don't put them in a poli-sci or international relations class—they need to be placed under religion. That's right. They are religions and they need to be taught as such.

The religion department does offer a few general survey courses on other religions, but this does not go far enough. A person does not learn about Islam in two or three weeks, and not even in one semester—but it is a start. I will go even further to say that two or four of the required religion credits should be filled by taking such a class.

As far as the subject matter,

classes should be taught from an Islamic, or Buddhist viewpoint with *no* emphasis on how the religion relates to Mormonism or other Judeo-Christian religions. Such a Mormon-centered approach does not generally breed respect, or even knowledge.

Comparisons tend to reinforce people's own values instead of acceptance of another's, since people will only look for those things which mirror their own values—instead of objectively studying for any and all truths that may be found.

It is time for such classes to be offered. As Dallin H. Oaks recently pointed out, China is ready for us,

but *we* are not ready for it.

Missionary work relies on common ground, thus Paul of the New Testament referred to Hebrew ideas when teaching Hebrews, Greek knowledge when teaching Greeks, and Roman ideals when teaching them. How many of us could relate the Gospel in the context of Islam? or Buddhism? or Hinduism?

But don't wait for the Religion Department to offer classes before you begin learning about these other cultures. It may be years before Elder Oaks proposal is accepted here. Do your own research, and look around.

You'd be surprised at what BYU already has to offer. A

## PROPHETS AND POLITICS: NATIONALISM IN AN INTERNATIONAL CHURCH

by Mike Austin

**O**NE OF THE MOST POPULAR SPECTATOR sports in Utah today is a game called "Prophets & Politics." To play P&P you need two political partisans, a handful of scriptural citations, an index to the *Journals of Discourses*, and the 1958

version of *Mormon Doctrine*. Participants paraphrase the brethren on various issues, jumping back and forth among questionable analogies, overstated examples, and incomprehensible digressions. The game ends when a player runs out of quotations or when either of the participants storm from the room calling the other a "fascist," a "pharisee," a "baby killer," or muttering something about the "learned who think they are wise."

Once the basics of the game are mastered, enthusiasts move on to Advanced P&P, a variant of the game that has evolved into a multi-media spectacle with magazine articles, books, videos, and numerous "non-partisan institutions" devoted to the advancement of narrow political agendas supposedly endorsed wholeheartedly by the Church, the Prophet, and the Council in Heaven.

One need only spend a week at BYU studying the different political groups to get an idea of how the game of Prophets & Politics works in the latter days. One group of conservatives sponsors a series of weekly meetings dealing with such topics as "God and Gun Control" or "The Trilateral

Commission in Ancient America," while a corresponding left-of-center organization, not to be outdone, meets together every Thursday to sponsor a "Prayer Vigil for Vegetarian Values."

Despite the annual warnings we receive from the First Presidency against involving the Church—explicitly or implicitly—in political affairs, most members are unable to part with the sneaking suspicion that God is really a political activist. Because we have been raised believing that God has ordained a right and a wrong answer to even the least significant questions, it is difficult to imagine that there is no clearly right answer to political problems.

However, as the Church becomes an increasingly international entity, members must avoid implying the Church's support of any enterprise that detracts from its essential mission. Politics, by its very nature, makes enemies, and an international church must rely on its friends. Furthermore, an international church requires that its members have an international attitude while the underlying assumptions of P&P are highly national.

It is important to distinguish between patriotism and nationalism. Patriotism is a healthy feeling that one's own country is good. Nationalism is the destructive sentiment that one country or culture is better or best. Church members in all lands are counselled to be patriotic, and the

Church regularly takes part in the patriotic celebrations of several different nations. Nationalism, however, works against the Church's interests, and an association with American nationalism has contributed to several occasions of Mormon missionaries being targeted for anti-American activities.

"Prophets & Politics" enthusiasts, whatever their political orientation, almost always overemphasize America's role in the cosmic order. Most of those who insist on a divinely inspired political agenda for the U.S. imply a "most favored nation" status with the Lord. If other countries have any place in the universe at all, it is to become more like us. It is impossible to imply a divine endorsement for any position within the American system without, at the same time, privileging the entire system. In other words, it is impossible to say "God is a conservative" or "God is a liberal" without also implying that "God is an American."

While Mormons have always believed that the Constitution is an inspired document, the Church has never taught that we are the only inspired country around. While I grant that America was the only place where the gospel could have been restored in 1830, this gives no excuse for nationalistic arrogance in 1990. Any portrait of America as a "promised land" holding a "chosen people" necessarily labels the other lands and peoples as unpromised or less chosen. Since the restoration of the gospel

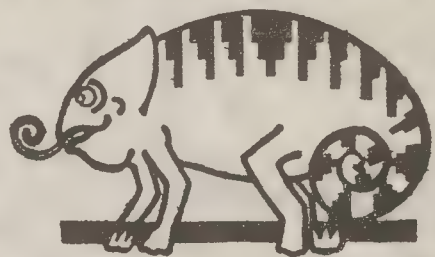
was meant to visit every clime and sound in every ear, to imply institutional endorsement of a nationalistic political agenda directly undermines the goal of the gospel.

A second clear distinction must be drawn between an individual's personal political activity and the Church's required political neutrality. Citizens within a country have both a right and a duty to act upon their political opinions. The danger comes when religious partisans appeal to past and present Church leaders and quote official Church material in order to advance a cause that is not endorsed by the Church. Areas such as Utah with a high LDS population are especially vulnerable to P&P masters.

Though the international nature of the Church is now, statistically, an established fact, the hearts and minds of the members have yet to catch up with the numbers. An international church requires that we transcend nationalism to become a community of international saints. In our role as citizens we should take every opportunity to become involved in the government of our country; however, in our far more important role of saints, we must do everything in our power to bring about the international community of believers that Joseph Smith envisioned in the "Standard of Truth." Before the gospel can spread to the four corners of the earth, we will have to sacrifice "Prophets & Politics" and work towards becoming one people.



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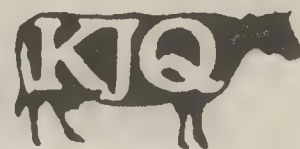
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**STUDENT  
REVIEW**





# KEEPERS OR CREATORS?

by Rebecca Christensen

**T**HE COVER STORY READS: "WHAT EXXON Leaves Behind." Photos show oil-laden beaches and rotting animals brought in by the blackened tide, visually articulating what words describe as the "greatest environmental disaster in American history."

While tourist advertisements compare the overall damage of the Exxon-Valdez incident to the removal of Marilyn Monroe's mole (you see, Marylin is still pretty), the fact remains that Alaska, "the last frontier," has been molested.

But this eco-tragedy is different from the thousands of headlines that cram the daily news, right? After all, this almost mythical

land lost its innocence to the abuse of just one man.

You may have followed the ensuing trial and smugly offered your own verdict against Captain John Hazelwood—moral irresponsibility requires little evidence to detect in others. But what have you done in your own defense?

Our Christian heritage, which suggests that humans should subdue the earth and have dominion over every thing, summons us to participate in a type of custody battle.

It is easy to remember that "all things which come of the earth ... are made for the benefit and use of [humans], both to please the eye and gladden the heart" (D&C 59:18). But the agreement continues: "For unto this

end were they made to be used, with judgement not to excess, neither by extortion" (D&C 59:20). Each report on the deteriorating ozone layer, the garbage glut, and even animal extinction becomes a testimony to our individual inadequacies as guardians of the earth.

Have we forgotten that we are merely keepers and not creators? Perhaps we do not fully realize that our probation period includes tests relating to our trustworthiness as stewards over the earth. Keepers?

Stewards? That's right. The Father's plan is to renew Earth to its paradisiacal glory—not for us to slaughter acres of perfect red woods.

We may not be responsible for dumping eleven million gallons of petroleum into

Prince William Sound, but how can we condemn when our own lives are marked by waste, apathy, and inaction?

How often are we reminded "where much is given, much is required" (D&C 82:3). Would we continue our lackadaisical response to environmental issues if we were reprimanded as frequently for misuse of the world's resources as we are for violating our physical bodies? Or is honoring the virtues of the earth somehow less important than upholding other high moral principles? Δ

Rebecca (an Alaskan), thinks an environmental clause should be added to the ecclesiastical endorsement form.

## TELESTIAL SPIRIT

by Robert Kirby

**S**UNDAYS ARE A DAY OF PARADOX FOR ME: ROCK AND ROLL and hymns, the Lord's sacrament and quarterback sacks, fasting and 7-11 nachos, the Book of Mormon and Stephen King—I have varied and simultaneous interest in each of them.

I know that it's dangerous to dichotomize the LDS gospel, but I can't help it because that's the way I've lived my life. As such, I'm scared silly of dying—not because I might go to Hell, but, after all I've been taught in church, I might not want to go to Heaven.

The popular local concept of the hereafter is: if we are especially good on Earth, we will eventually get a shot at running our own show. So went our Father before us, right? This steadfast precept of LDS theology has given rise to my favorite gospel question: "What kind of world would this be if another god was in charge?" An extension of this question is (assuming they were fundamentally good men and embraced the essence of their Father's laws in the next life): "What kinds of worlds will Larry, Moe, and Curly create?" It's a legitimate question because I consider myself basically

a good person who happens to prefer Led Zeppelin's "House's of the Holy" to that cross between Lawrence Welk and a funeral dirge we call a practice song in Sunday School—is that a disqualifier? I don't want to hear that Heaven is an angelic version of a LDS ward potluck dinner, mostly because I like hockey games better. When forced to choose, you'll find me at the Salt Palace screaming myself hoarse at the refs. Heck, I don't even own a Jell-o mold.

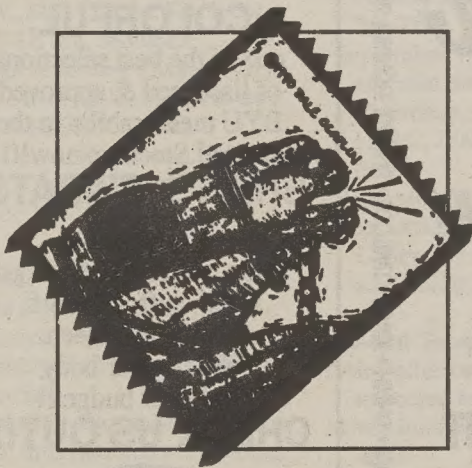
Local legend has it that a sure way to be branded a telestial spirit is to develop a proclivity for Diet Coke instead of root beer and S'mores. I may be letting go of the iron rod just a little bit here, but when it comes to getting a rush, what's the difference between caffeine and processed sugar? And then there is the personality required to make it to the top in the hereafter. I wonder about that a lot every Sunday when I sit through church in a room filled with short-haired, slightly plump Republicans, whose earthly talents seem restricted to hushed monologues and snoozing.

I don't think God is boring. I doubt he wears subdued suits and speaks with a General Authority lilt when He's out frying places like Sodom and Gomorrah. You can't tell my

that my Father—who made the Grand Canyon, dinosaurs, Marilyn Monroe, the Aurora Borealis, the rings of Saturn, Wayne Gretzky, whales, winter sunlight, pizza, high heels, puppies, and hot fudge—is as boring as a Sunday School lesson on tithing or a testimony meeting running long. In short, I really hope Heaven is nothing like church. If so, it's going to be a place of bad breath, short naps, and wailing children. My wife will be forced to assemble a billion painted wooden bunnies in "Celestial Relief Society" while I sit in Elder's Quorum with a zillion other guys, interminably trying to figure out whether home teaching is a good thing or a bad thing, and if Saddam Hussein and Eddie Murphy are ready for the gospel yet.

I'd probably feel better about Heaven if at least one general Authority in the Church was a nationally acclaimed film-maker, a sculptor, or a Pulitzer Prize winner novelist—someone with a right-brain twist instead of insurance, business and law.

Hopefully, if I'm good by the time I die, I'll get to choose. Then again maybe I already have. I can see it now. Me and Bart Simpson—telestial spirits and proud of it, dude. Δ



## FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH PECULIAR DOCTRINES WE'VE HEARD LATELY:

- Evolution (EVILution) can't be true if the Bible is true.
- I like mountains because I helped create them in the preexistence.
- We know that Eve came from Adam because men have one less rib than women.
- Cremation is bad because it scatters the elements of the body which means that more priesthood power will be necessary to resurrect the body. Burial is a form of priesthood energy conservation.
- God won't be happy until we have used up all the earth resources He has given us. The Second Coming will not occur until that time.
- Those clear panels you can see in front of the Tabernacle podium are bullet shields to protect the

- speaker from assassins.
- Graduation robes are robes of an apostate priesthood.
- Emotions are basically evil.
- Missionaries sent to the Soviet Union must serve three years, but returning they are guaranteed MTC jobs and full tuition paid at BYU.
- You will be blessed more if you eat the crusts of the sacrament bread and leave the tastier chunks for the less fortunate.
- Being the Holy Ghost is a calling. Before coming to Earth as a mortal, Joseph Smith held that calling. Now some other spirit holds it, and he too will receive a body in the end.
- People who reject the gospel in this life lose their exaltation. This means that missionaries have a tremendous responsibility: if they try to teach but aren't well-enough prepared, offend someone by an inappropriate remark, or do anything that causes an investigator to reject the Church, they are responsible for that investigator's loss of exaltation.
- We know that since the serpent could talk to Eve, all the animals in the garden could talk.
- The coat of many colors was first given to Adam when he was expelled from the Garden and then passed down to

- Joseph.
- Dogs have more charity than people because if you kick a dog it will turn around and lick you.
- In the year when Easter falls on April 6, Conference Sunday, Christ will appear on Temple Square and announce for everyone to move to Missouri.
- The reason that there are so many horses in Utah is that at the Second Coming, all vehicles will be destroyed and the Saints here don't want to walk all the way to Missouri.
- The Song of Solomon should only be read and studied by married persons. It is not to be used by single people.
- Joseph Smith is currently in Hell looking for Emma.
- Sexual intercourse between husband and wife is the ultimate spiritual experience.
- Cain still walks the earth today. He may have survived the flood by hanging on to the side of the Ark like a big, hairy barnacle.
- When angels or personages (John the Baptist, Jesus, Heavenly Father) appear to man, they do not touch the earth because it would set off a chemical reaction.



# BYU'S RELIGION CLASSES: CON

by Rob Fergus

"WHAT THE heck is that?" I gasped as I walked into the Joseph Smith

Building. There, standing near the auditorium, was a giant white ox. But it wasn't a normal ox. This ox was glowing brightly, quickly betraying its identity as a sacred cow.

Puzzled, I approached the beast, marvelling at his sheer beauty. *Why is he here?* I wondered. And then he winked at me. *I must be dreaming,* I thought, *I'll be waking up any time now.* But then the ox started to speak.

"You've got to help me," he said. "I've been trying all day to get an audience, but no one takes me seriously. I don't think the

administrators here can see me, and the students just walk by pretending that I don't exist."

"But," I gasped, "I don't know—"

"Just listen for a moment. This is really important," he said. "We have a problem here, and we need to address it rationally, so don't lose your cool. I've noticed that the Religion Department here has really grown, and it offers a marvelously diverse range of opportunities to the students. However, I hear a lot of students complaining. They claim the classes are boring and a waste of time. Others complain their religion classes require too much homework for a class that's only worth two credits. I even heard one guy claim he got an 'A' in a Book of Mormon class without reading a single verse."

"So what are you saying?" I asked.

"The problem is the students have no way of taking advantage of the wide variety of teaching and grading styles manifest in the Religion Department's diverse faculty. To remedy this situation, I propose that the department follow the Honor Department's example and publish a section by section course catalog listing each class's focus, and each professor's teaching and grading policy."

"That sounds great," I exclaimed. "That would really help us students find the religion class that fills our individual needs."

"Exactly," said the ox. "I'm working on it, but the issue seems to be more of a sacred cow than I am!"

As we laughed about that, I commented that students could

also get involved and publish a sort of *Home Shopper's Guide to Religion Classes and Professors*—a discussion of individual religion classes and teachers from the student's viewpoint. It could be used in conjunction with the Religion Department publication, enabling students to find a religion class that fits their needs.

"If I want a lecture-type class that resembles a fifth year of a seminary—taught by a charming professor with lots of humorous anecdotes—I would be able to find it," I laughed.

"And if you want a serious, heavy-duty class where the teacher encourages class discussion and debate," said the cow, "you could find that too. The point is, whatever type of class you're looking for, you need a way to find it."

"I'm willing to do my part," I said. "I'll be glad to start working on the *Home Shopper's Guide*."

"Great," said the ox, "I'm glad to see that someone is willing to improve things around here."

"Of course," I said, "it's the Lord's university. I want it to serve our needs in the best possible way."

"Exactly," said the ox, "that's why I am here. I was translated after serving as the model for the temple font in the Salt Lake temple. Now, even though I am perfected, I have a hard time getting people to listen to me. Thanks for your time. See, it isn't so hard to deal with sacred cows after all, is it?"

And as he left, I had to admit that it wasn't; in fact, my experience had been wonderfully enlightening—something any prophet would have been proud of. Δ

# BYU'S RELIGION CLASSES: PRO

Christine Cutler

"FOR EVERYTHING YOU GET, YOU GOTTA GIVE." My high school chemistry teacher drummed this layperson's interpretation of the Second Law of Thermodynamics into my head. I didn't understand at first how this law translated into thermodynamics, but I could still see and appreciate its application. I've found this law

holds not only for thermodynamics, but also for every other discipline we enter or endeavor we undertake. What we get out of something is largely related to what we put into it.

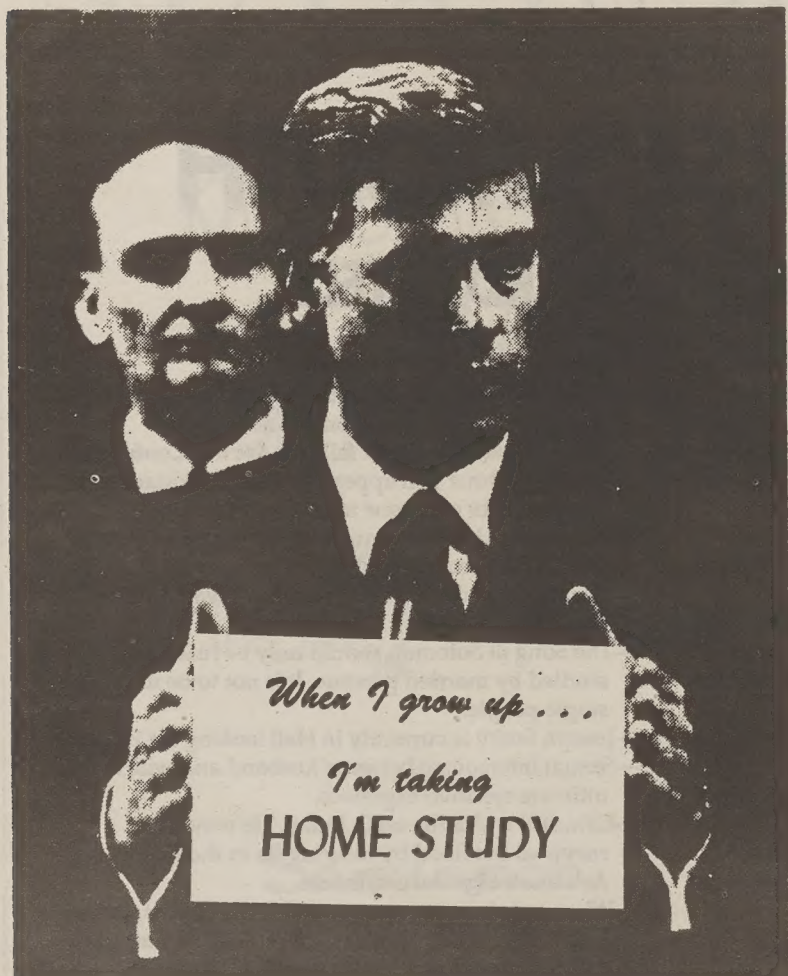
I've heard a variety of comments about the religion classes offered here at BYU, the religion core requirements, the teachers, and the material taught. Some people glow with enthusiasm when asked about their favorite religion class or professor—others moan in endless complaint. I suspect the Second Law of Thermodynamics might be at work here.

If I were to pick a fight with the Religion Department at BYU based on my own experiences, my arguments would be scanty at best. Who or what would I target? The

professors I've had? No, they've been excellent. The material we've studied and learned? No, I've really enjoyed learning about the Church and the Gospel. The grading system? Theoretically, I could find something to say about that. My overall experience, however, has been a very positive and rewarding one, and I'm grateful for the opportunity to take religion classes.

As with any field, department, or university, some individuals are more capable, interesting, and knowledgeable than others. The Religion Department is no exception. Some of the professors seem to invite sleeping in class and mental cruise control while others can hold the entire class captivated, interested, mentally stimulated, and spiritually fed. Knowing how teachers can bring a subject to life or kill it outright by their treatment of it, I have carefully selected my religion class teachers and I've been fortunate to have excellent professors. Their love for people, for studying the scriptures, for the Gospel is often contagious to those who are willing to be influenced.

Religion classes offer an opportunity to study the scriptures, to learn correct principles and doctrines, to ask questions, to discover personal application, and to strengthen and to build testimonies. Of course, this is a two-way experience between the teacher and the students. Both teacher and student have a responsibility to be prepared, to be involved, and to seek the Spirit in order to fully benefit and learn from the class. My best experiences in religion classes have been when the teachers have encouraged questions and comments, when they taught and testified of correct principles and their applications, and when students shared their experiences and testimonies. This was uplifting for everyone. I used to leave one class I audited exhilarated by the full class involvement, the sharing of personal spiritual experiences and ideas, and the outpouring of the Spirit. I received no credits or grades, but I learned a lot and had a wonderful spiritual experience. The Second Law of Thermodynamics is true "For everything you get, you gotta give." Δ



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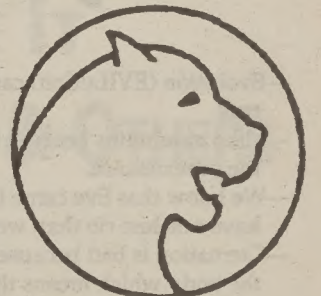
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## THEATER

June 29-August 31, *Into the Woods*, Monday-Saturday, odd calendar days, 8:30 p.m., Sundance Summer Theater, call 225-4107.  
July 1-Sept 7, 1991 Utah Shakespearean Festival: *Death of a Salesman*, *Hamlet*, *Misalliance*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Valpone*, call 586-7878 for info and tickets.  
July 8-Sept. 5, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, Park City Shakespeare Festival.  
September 4-7, *Three Operatic Sit-Coms*, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, call 378-7444.  
September 9-14, *Mother Wove the Morning*, locations: Sept. 9, Park City Community Church, Sept. 10, UVCC Union Building Ballroom, Sept. 11, Weber State University, Allred Theater, Sept. 12-14, Bryant Intermediate School, 40 S. 800 E., SLC, 7:30 p.m. sharp, tickets \$12.50 through SmithTix.  
September 19, 20-21, 24-28 and Oct. 1-3, *Driving Miss Daisy* 7:30 p.m., Pardoe Drama Theater, HFAC, a 4:00 p.m. matinee on Sept. 30 and an 8:30 p.m. curtain time on Oct. 4, call 378-3875.  
November 5-10, *Cats*, 8:00 p.m., Capital Theater, call 355-5502 for ticket prices and other information.

## THEATER GUIDE

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.  
Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City Tickets: 649-9371.  
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.  
Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.  
Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.  
Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Theater: \$3, 375-7300.  
Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N. 168 W., SLC Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.  
Salt Lake repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.  
Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N. 200 E., Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310.

## MUSIC

Temple Square Concert Series  
All concerts begin at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall unless stated otherwise.  
September 5, Marcantonio Barone, piano, international performing artist.  
September 6, Arthur Rowe, piano, international performing artist.  
Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.  
Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m. Free.  
Utah Symphony  
Tickets start at \$12, call 533-6683.  
September 19, The Kalichstein/Laredo/Robinson Trio with the Utah Symphony, 7:30 p.m., de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, call 378-7444.  
HFAC  
September 11, John Thomander Stevens in a BYU Faculty organ

recital, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, call 378-7444.  
September 14, Jeffery Kahane preforms, 7:30 p.m., de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, call 378-7444.  
September 18, Xi-di Shen in a vocal recital, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, free.  
September 20, Alex of Czechoslovakia, a six member folk ensemble, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, also a demonstration/lecture at 11:00 a.m., Sept. 19, call 378-3875.  
September 26, Deseret Piano Quartet, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, free.

## CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.  
Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.  
Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.  
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.  
Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.  
Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.  
Tower Theater, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 328-0477.  
Varsity I, ELWC, 378-3311.  
Varsity II, JSB, 378-3311.

## DANCE

Thursdays, Industrial Dance Music, The Pompadour, 740 S. 300 W., SLC, \$4 cover, info: 537-7051.  
September 12-13, BYU's Young Ambassadors, 7:30 P.M., de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, call 378-7444.  
SEPTEMBER 13, FRIDAY THE 13TH: THE DANCE, IVY TOWER, PROVO, 9:00 P.M., \$4, OR MENTION STUDENT REVIEW AND GET IN FOR \$3.

## ART

June 12-Sept 2, "Themes From the Scriptures," International Art Competition. Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.  
September 1-31, "Body Sculpture," art from the Rachelle Thiewes Collection, B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC, 7:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m. daily, free.  
September 1-31, "Made in SLC," a collection of work by local artist, Galley 303, HFAC, 9:00 a.m.-5:00 a.m., daily, free.

## Useful Telephone Numbers

Air Pollution Report, current and expected levels, 533-7239.  
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.  
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.  
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.  
UTA, 375-4636.  
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.  
BYU Standards, 378-5219.  
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.  
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.  
KUTV News Hotline and Updates 373-9900, then dial 6397 for News, 2274 for Business, 7677 for Weather, 2255 for Sports, or 5653 for Jokes. It's all free.

## SUNDANCE

Mt. Timpanogos Hike and Bike, through the end of September, weekends and holidays. Access scenic trails via the ski lift. Sundance Resort, call 225-4107.

June 15-Sept. 1, Sunday Afternoon Jazz, Sundance Resort, on the Bridge Deck, from 2-4 p.m. Different bands every week. Free.  
Outdoor Summer Theater, *Big River* (even calendar dates) and *Into the Woods* (odd calendar dates), daily except Sundays through August 31, 8:30 p.m., Bench seating: Fri & Sat. \$10, Mon-Thurs \$9, Lawn Seating \$8, Reservations required, call 225-4100.

## OTHER

Monte L. Bean Museum of Life Science, 10-5 daily, 10-9 Mondays, 378-5052. Join them for early morning bird walks from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday morning at the Botany Pond, 500 East 800 North.  
BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., call 378-5396.  
Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWF at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., free Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.  
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.  
Poetry Readings, City Art, 240 S. Main, SLC, upstairs. Thursdays at 8 p.m. Also included is music and display art, call first, 942-1715, free.  
Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

## LECTURES

Sunstone 1991 New Testament Series  
All lectures will be held from 7:30-9:00 p.m. at the University of Utah's Social Work Auditorium and will cost \$2.  
September 10, "The Old Testament in the New: Israel-like Festivals and Narrative Framework in the Gospel" by Stephen Ricks, Asian and Near Eastern languages, BYU.  
October 8, "James: The Most Islamic Epistle" by Daniel Peterson, Arabic and Islamic languages, BYU.  
November 12, "Parables: Tales to Tilt the Soul" by Stephen C. Walker, English, BYU.  
December 10, "On Finding Christ the Merciful at Christmas" by Eugene England, English, BYU.

The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less.  
—Eldridge Cleaver

The heaven and the earth and all in between, thinkest thou I made them in jest?  
—Allah, from the Koran

People in stone houses may throw all the glass they wish.  
—Brian N. Gibson

If you were right, I would agree with you.  
—Robin Williams

## STUDENT REVIEW

Recruitment Meeting  
Tuesday, September 10  
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